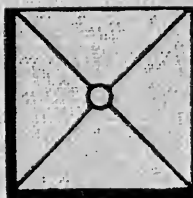


STRAIGHT GOODS IN PHILOSOPHY

By

PAUL KARISHKA





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STRAIGHT GOODS IN PHILOSOPHY

BY

PAUL KARISHKA

AUTHOR OF

"SOME PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS,"

"SOME MORE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS," "EL RESHID,"

"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CHRIST," ETC.



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INTRODUCTION.

STRAIGHT GOODS AND "THE PLAIN MAN."

Doctors of Philosophy and collegiate authorities on Psychology frequently refer to the "plain man" as distinguished from an individual of "trained mind." By the "plain man" they mean the common sense person, who relies on his everyday experiences for his criterion, irrespective of deep and subtle analysis. The plain man has a kind of "horse intuition," using his senses for what they are worth, bringing memory to the fore as a help in his final decisions. He has no interest in the relationship of brain and body from a scientific standpoint, nor does he care a farthing whether Interactionism, Automatism or Parallelism clinches and settles the whole question or not. Whether mind and matter are equal and interdealing, as the Reactionist asserts,—implying causal relations, sequence, sensational brain event and volitional brain event coming one after the other, either way necessitating time, priority, etc., is not of the slightest importance to him. Nor does Automatism stir up in his being any deep-seated interest. It is all the same as far as he is concerned, if the Automatist succeeds in proving

that mind depends on body, hanging to the breast of it like an infant to its mother, having its "ups and downs," its glooms and pleasures by permission of this autocratic flesh, which dominates it like a tyrant. If his physical brain takes a notion to fall into a stupor he does not care if his mind is literally nowhere, consciousness being but a secretion, so to speak, of brain itself.

No, the plain man is quite indifferent to the subtleties of brain storms from the automatist's point of view. Nor does he lose sleep at night in cogitating the great doctrine of Parallelism. What business is it of his, if our bodily life is "a closed circle in which nervous processes run their course between sense organs and muscles without consciousness, from beginning to end, having anything to do with matter"; denying causal relations between mind and matter, resting on the assumption that the association between the two is quite a different affair. No, the plain man keeps strictly out of the wrangle between these different schools. The brain event may take place before or after he has exercised his volition, for all he cares. Body and mind may run para or otherwise, the only interest he has in the contest between scholars is the fight itself; to the cause that set it going he is supremely indifferent.

In writing *Straight Goods* I have been thinking a good deal about the "plain man" and his needs, therefore I have hesitated to dip continually into metaphysics as such, believing that the truths that lie there can be shown more clearly under the guise of simple thought. Nevertheless I have not

avoided the problems of down to date contention, but have striven to strip them of certain scholarly appellations, that serve to make them mysterious and out of reach. Psychology, Metaphysics and Science have a selected vocabulary of their own, and I have endeavored to do some translating into simpler English in order to bring their undoubted truths before the eyes of the "plain man." For instance, he will have no patience with the word "epiphenomenalist," nor will he bother to hunt it out in his pocket dictionary, if indeed it is there; and this is only an example of many other terms clear enough to the student but a botheration to the "plain man."

The question of Consciousness, the most subtle and practically impossible question of psychology, is so fraught with mystery that I have practically let it alone. Whether Consciousness is really "the thing in itself" arising under certain conditions and disappearing under others; in other words, whether it is existence, as some of our thinkers believe, is a question open to debate. To the minds of some of the Doctors of Philosophy consciousness as such seems quite apart from and devoid of the element of energy; others again claim that the individual Unit of Force necessitated by and co-existent with the substance we call matter, is the "thing in itself," and that consciousness per se is only a factor of it, sometimes manifesting and sometimes not. Consciousness is so evasive, subtle, intangible, and yet so absolutely essential to any realization of life in activity, that an attempt to analyze it is like that of investigating pure ego,

which is neither here nor there, but apparently everywhere in the life of an individual being.

But dropping this vital question, which like a live wire, is beyond handling unless one is gloved, I have attempted to deal with subjects of which this same consciousness is well aware, and trust that I have put them into words that may possibly appeal to the "plain man" if to no one else. A certain hermeticism is perfectly right and proper, but there is another kind of secrecy which is somewhat farfetched. As this is the day of public schools and general education, whatever it is right for the mass of humanity to know should be thrown upon a screen with a magic lantern effect, that "he who runs may read," and not only read but understand. Metaphysic, so long lying in coma, is undoubtedly waking up. When we read science into our psychology, it will emphatically assert itself, and become as essential as physiology to the education of the modern world.

And lastly, it is not so much the fact of consciousness that has concerned me in this book, as the facts in consciousness.

CONCERNING SOCIETIES.

Everyone knows that men in combination often work out larger schemes and consummate greater undertakings than does the individual per se.

For practical purposes, a cold-blooded corporation, bound by hard and fast rules, soulless, heartless, marching straight on to the goal desired without "let or hindrance," is a thing of power and wonder. Its unfeelingness is in a sense its strength. Societies of any kind, whether close corporations, with faces set hard toward money making, or men combined in the pursuit of science, art or exploration, have opportunities far surpassing those of most individuals who go ahead alone. Even churches, Sunday schools, mystic bodies bolstered by the assumption of brotherhood, from the point of material interaction and exchange of favors, have the chances on their side, as against him who stands apart.

Societies are eminently protective of "matters of fact" and things of matter. Their parts being interdependent, they are self-balancing, and will stand for no chicanery or false pretense—that is, the majority of them. Of course, there are

exceptions, but I can safely assert that no combined body can live long unless it is healthy, and by healthy I mean honest and true to itself.

The work of a society has less brilliancy than individual effort, as it naturally assumes a level that includes all of its constituents. There is no sparkling apex or dazzling skyrocket possible under the rigidity of its conditions; but its ponderosity and massiveness make it a thing of power. It marches on with heavy tread like the elephant. The individual only can soar like the skylark.

The world's greatest achievements are carried to a finish as a rule by combined and organized powers, either of the state, a business corporation, or a restricted society; but because of this, because of the impossibility of gaining great material results without it, by polarity and the necessity of balance, there is another kind of work that is **inherently** individual, and will not thrive under dictation, or advance by prescribed rules.

Through many centuries, called the dark ages, the Church attempted to do the individual's thinking, praying, loving and hating for him; it looked at man's soul through a spyglass, and strove to carve it up with a surgeon's knife. It dictated as to what an individual should and should not believe; it shriveled the human free will and forced upon the intellect the abnormality of giving the lie unto itself. This was the climax of the "Leviathan" power of church and state,

standing for a massed organism made up of certain vitals that breathed and spoke and coerced.

But the organic tends ever toward dissolution. The immortal is an **individual**.

To condemn on that account, churches, schools, or combinations of any kind, would be absurd.

Referring to the monstrous abuses once authorized by the church and state, serves only to show their usefulness. The **normal** is made clearer when we study the **abnormal**. Corporation and combination have their places, and the individual has his. Some projects are far better done by a body of men, and others by the man alone. The army, the mass, would be chaotic without its leader, **the man**. Collaboration is often attempted in writing a book, but it is a rare artist who permits another to handle the brush with him on a masterpiece. Many combine in orchestra, but the great soloist wings his way upward alone.

Admitting this to be, you ask, why debate the question? Simply because there is a stage in a man's development when **he cannot** be dictated to by a society, nor chained to an "incorporate body." Perhaps we should modify this. Outwardly he may honestly come and go in the "order," or church or school of thought, but diametrically opposed to this—that is, **inwardly**, he is free.

I have said there is a stage in the soul's development where this is so, but I do not assert that all humanity has reached it; in fact, a large proportion of human beings are, safely and

rightly, still in the nest; they have not evolved wings, and by wings I mean individual characteristics that entitle them to fly. A bird makes a sorry figure when he flutters and cannot soar.

But how about those individuals who really have the whole empyrean at their command; whose wings are strong and equal to the traversing of endless space? Are they condemned, by their power, to a life of isolation? Is there for them no nest, no home? Most certainly they have a home, but its windows and doors are wide open; it is without locks and bars; it is neither cleaned with a muckrake nor regulated by a "big stick." There is, perhaps, no cathedral crouching humbly beneath a monstrosity of dome, where the self-emancipated may "toe the mark." No priest can excommunicate them, nor priestess set upon them her infallible seal.

Birds meet in the sky and fly in flocks, or wing their way alone, as the case may demand; for being birds they have the prerogatives of their kind and the daring of soaring things. For practical purposes—and by practical I mean right here, materially safe, financially cautious, commercially successful, combiningly productive—this heavenly way is quite preposterous. If a combination of men whose final aim is the soul's evolution were to use their consolidation for material matters only, having from the point of philosophy absolute freedom, and from the point of morality or ethical harmony absolute domination, I presume they would have permanent suc-

cess. But thus far, practically all combinations that have the good of the soul as their final reason for incorporating, presume to say **what** that good shall be, irrespective of that same soul's needs and longings.

From the point of morality or interdealing ethically, the society should have absolute authority; but from the point of the soul's attainment and intellectual freedom, the society should have no power whatever, positing a cult of independence, which in the last analysis is the most binding dependence of a self upon itself, for when an individual takes all heaven for his domain and the earth for his footstool, he must have the strength for his own personal sustainment or fall back into the arms of the priest and the protection of the ritual, mumbling a creed over and over, as though it were the last and only word.

A corporation is an artificial person, made up of a combination of persons. Law is its father, and its mother is an intangible something that holds its parts together, whether they shift among themselves or not. She has powers, liabilities and responsibilities, peculiarly her own. A corporation is of the genus of personalities, having the power of Unity rather than that of the particulars that make it up.

Now I would ask, how can such an "artificial person" be the supreme guide of a man's immortal soul? For instance—imagine an ecclesiastical corporation, made up of saints. This generalization of saints into a composite or corporate unity

becomes supreme dictator as to the evolving of souls not designed in the scheme of things for the role of saintship at all. An anomaly follows, and man stands condemned.

Now what is a congregation? "Any collection or assemblage of persons or things." Specifically the word is used in a religious sense as a gathering of persons for religious worship. Of course, in a restricted sense, it may be brought under church government, etc., but in its broadest aspect, the term stands for freedom.

THREE SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

Do not be shocked! Passionate love, whether for country, lover, or child, is always selfish and centered on an object. This is a source of ecstasy, and its opposite — misery. There go along, half concealed with passionate love, jealousy, anxiety, responsibility, fear. These combined make misery, but misery, in its heart of hearts, is ecstasy, and worth having, and makes life worth living when kinetic periodically.

The next source of happiness is nature love—the power to blend into all sights and sounds—to universalize. Its opposite is specialization, which comes as pain after a bath in nature's milk. This source of happiness produces consolation rather than ecstasy, and is longer lived.

The third is the One Thing. This is the master's chief source of joy, though he indulges in the others also. The opposite of the One Thing is many things. The One Thing lies in linking things. This is the binding power—the creative. IT IS HARD. There is opposition in it, resistance, desperation; but at each snap of the clasp

fastening on another link of the chain. The master knows the supreme joy—that of creation. The One Thing includes memory of the past and an approximate knowledge of the future.

LOVING EVERYBODY.

It is the sheerest nonsense to pretend to love everybody, and he who is guilty of the lie of so asserting is not worthy of philosophy, except (we are apt to say except) he have by that assertion a peculiar meaning.

When you begin to love people en masse, it is because you have consolidated them into an individual, exactly as the cells group in the human body. You have made of a community of people a grand man, and love them as a being—one. This is because you must specialize and symbolize in love. You cannot love a crowd as a crowd. The orator seeks one face in the pulsating mass of humanity before him, and the whole audience becomes the body to which the face belongs.

One loves his country because there is some other country that he does not love. His race is represented by its flower, and stands apart in its typical individual as the chosen people. If you love all beings on the planet—earth, they consolidate into one in contradistinction to the inhabitants of other planets to whom you are indifferent.

God, to be loved, must be specialized, personalized. Therefore, Christ, the individual. This altruism amounts to nothing unless it be a consolidated individualism. You love somebody, not everybody. You may love a mass of somebodies as a unit, but only because there are other bodies that you care nothing about.

Sympathy is invariably individual, and is invariably spent on a less fortunate individual than yourself. We look up to and, possibly, worship some one stronger and grander than are we; but rarely ever waste sympathy on him unless he be in some **special** way a sufferer or inferior. So, then, in teaching, be careful to make this distinction. If you search through Hermetics you will find this law emphasized.

Understand then, that an abstraction can never appeal to our sense of unity; it is the individual that touches the unity, and God was made in Christ like unto man, with his infirmities and griefs.

A PSYCHIC TRUTH.

Hold up a diamond before an expert, and he will look upon its flaw. The flaw will be all to him. By the flaw will he gauge its value, by the flaw will he condemn it; its glitter and beauty will vanish in the diamond's defect. Let a musician listen to another; his ear is attuned to discords rather than to harmonies. He listens for a slight failing in the tone, a defect in the touch, a skipping of notes; and he judges by the flaws. Ignoring the mighty crash of harmonies, he sees the humpy mouse of ugliness only which the great wave of melody bore upon its breast as a beautiful face bears a mole.

In judging character you are apt to dwell upon the flaw, though a mere speck on the white breast of a dove. In the critic's eye it grows until he is blinded to the beauty and charm of the whole. The flaw becomes a part of himself at last, and the man judged goes clean and free from pollution; the critic has taken his thorn, it has been transferred, much to his disgust and amazement.

Now for a psychic truth, over which I desire

you to ponder. Never look a living creature straight in the eyes holding the gaze, unless you wish to establish between yourself and it a psychic bond. This bond once established between yourself and a cat, a dog, a beetle, a fly, a fish, a man, causes you to partake, in a degree, its sufferings and its joys. You cannot escape, you are bound by the gossamer cord of sympathy.

Catch not, then, the gaze of a creature that you desire neither to hate nor love, suffer with nor enjoy.

THE PROFESSIONAL PHILOSOPHER.

Every philosopher has a profession; philosophy is never his work. Work is not for philosophy, but philosophy for work. Philosophy makes a lawyer great, a teacher wise, an artist powerful; even a common laborer, divine. To be sure, there are doctors of psychics in all colleges, but this is not the question. I deplore and pity that man, woman, or child, who reverses all things and serves philosophy instead of forcing philosophy to serve him.

One may take rest in his profession, he may adopt the business of idleness; but if he be a philosopher he will know how to do it. Philosophy will help him to rest. But to be a professional philosopher is more grievous than to be a professor of religion. Unless a man becomes a recluse for a purpose, he should have a business among men. This throws him in continual contact with his kind. The professional philosopher should be shunned like the professional philanthropist.

Remember, then, that whatever you do, whether

at work or idle, philosophy is at your service, and you are its master. Should you serve philosophy, you will be the meanest wretch on earth; for there is nothing so despicable as a servant of philosophy and a slave of religion. Force philosophy to serve you, and you are a king in power. I do not argue against the change of environment or work, if necessary or desirable, but against the overthrow of the work of the world for philosophy's sake.

Philosophy should touch up all work, of whatever kind, with gold and silver. **Philosophy means wisdom in work**; it is a key, a grasp, a means, a passport. To devote yourself to philosophy, is to be a fool; to force philosophy to serve you, is to be wise.

The philosopher makes over environment, adapts easily to circumstances, transforms conditions, forces object, and colors and tints ugliness with beauty.

EXCUSES.

Show me a man who is not given to making excuses for his shortcomings, a man who is calm, and I will stamp him as great—rare. Is gold easy to find? Are diamonds as cheap as glass? Is beauty an everyday commodity? The man who is constantly excusing himself is conscience-stricken, and therefore is not great.

Let us analyze. What is the origin of an excuse? Simply a secret feeling that you have allowed indolence and self-love and other vague reasons to take the place of a duty left undone. You have neglected something, and you realize it. Then you hunt around to find an excuse with which to veneer yourself. The very fact that you wish to cover yourself with the varnish of apology shows that you have something to hide. Verbosity is the legacy of the apologist. He lathers himself with words. Does he sin against himself? Does he over-eat, over-drink, over-sleep? Does he neglect the essentials of health and unfit himself for his working life? Behold, how he bubbles with the foam of excuses. Does he forget his

friends? Is he ungrateful? Has he abused confidence? Has he stolen, lied, cheated, maligned, broken promises? How tender is he of his own faults; how he gushes with self-justification! Strange, nevertheless, he is harsh with others, making no allowance whatever for their shortcomings, having no charity for their self-indulgences.

Are excuses never excusable, then, you may well ask? Rarely. Why the excuse? If you have done evil, or caused evil, directly or indirectly—why not admit it, and condone it? Why spit upon a child's dirty face, and call it washed? A great man often does evil, and frankly says so; but he seldom tries to adorn his ugliness with an excuse.

People excuse themselves out of hell, out of heaven, out of education, out of fulfilled ambition. "I might have done this or that," they say. "I might have had this or that if it had not been for so and so," "Circumstances were such," "my situation was thus and so." Yes, yes, yes, we understand. We hear it also in matters of philosophy. "When we get this matter straightened we shall start once more;" as if a philosophy were not the very solver of problems, the panacea of woes. This travesty on philosophy were indeed amusing, were it not so pathetic. You excuse yourself from concentrating, from persisting, from willing even; and by you, I mean everybody who does.

The habit of making excuses grows on one

until his characteristic look is that of a man who is hunted by creditors. He dislikes the reaping of his own crops sown in laziness, and so he says, "Excuse me." It is a polite phrase, and is well enough as a pass word; but please do not use it sincerely. The tendency to inertia is in man as it is in a stone. Effort is effort, and he is ignorant who expects great achievements to spring from the soft head of laziness. The skull of Jupiter from which Minerva sprung was hard, and had to be split with an ax before (with tremendous birth pangs) the goddess could be born.

HEALING OF THE BODY BY MIND.

In the first place, what is body? Second, what is mind? And, third, what is healing?

Body, according to the accepted idea, is "material organized substance, whether living or dead." It is "physical structure." More generally speaking, it is apparently "inert matter."

Mind is "that which feels, wills, thinks—the conscious subject, Ego—soul;" specifically it is "intellect as distinguished from feeling."

Healing is "cure—means of making whole."

Having defined the terms, we discover that we have but a superficial knowledge of them after all. When I say body is "inert matter," I know it is not vital principle per se, but discovering what it is not, is in no way demonstrating what it is. A horse is not a dog—yet what is a horse? A flower is not its perfume nor its color—what is it then? In the last analysis no one knows what matter is. Physicists have plenty of hypotheses in regard to it, and for want of exact knowledge are obliged to rest content.

Again, in the last analysis we are grossly ignor-

ant about mind. We realize some of its powers, and are aware that it is diametrically opposed to that which we call matter; but the ultimate "mind stuff," what is it? Naming it energy, force, consciousness, motion, dynamics, etc., is simply substituting other terms, without solving the problem. Secondary, experimental comprehension of mind is reasonably easy, but an understanding of its primal nature is beyond us.

In regard to healing or cure—whether it be radical or superficial, is a question also. The soothing of a body into a temporary adjustment of its parts to each other, so that pain subsides, is not necessarily a cure. The animal organs have an accommodating way of helping each other, or accepting outside assistance, taking on all the assumptions of wholeness, when in reality they are far from normal or complete.

False teeth in the mouth, soon forgotten as such, grind away like a genuine set. A man adopts a Cork leg, and gets quite in accord with it, or even two Cork legs. Spectacles are perched on the nose, and an individual reads small print as though with normal eyes. The human stomach puts up with all sorts of insults, and adapts itself to unreasonable condiments. The palate learns to like what it naturally hates, for the sake of peace; the nose, for the same reason, endures and enjoys the rankest odors. All this goes to show that we may think we are healed, when in reality we are not. For the sense of comfortableness and

adaptiveness of the body is easily mistaken for wholeness or health.

Having discovered then, that body, mind, and cure are too deep for us to sound as to what they really are, we are driven to treat the subject from the standpoint of experience only, dropping at once the momentous question of their elemental values.

But **experience** is a term of tremendous import. Experimental knowledge is in its infancy. We are as ignorant as Hobbes as to **what** effects will result from new causes till we put them to the test; but once finding out, we are sure of fixed facts, and a law that never fails. Experience, then, gives us stability through the unfailing law that goes with it, and inspiration to push ahead for new thrills in untried fields not yet explored.

Returning to the subject of body, mind, and healing, we find that we have from the standpoint of our common ground, matter or body as one pole of our being, and dynamic mind for the other. Now the question is—can healing be achieved, by the pole mind, on the other pole matter or body? That is, have the poles power over each other? If so, has mind more power than matter, or vice versa? Which dominates, or does neither?

Let us start with the body. Does it, can it, affect mind? I am arguing now from the common ground of consciousness and knowledge, not from the impossible base of what mind and matter in their finality really are. I am arguing,

too, from my own personal experience, believing by analogy that my experience is likely to be the lot of my fellows also.

From the common sense standpoint, then, I discover that my mind is exceedingly susceptible to the condition of my body; if the organs are in harmony with each other, doing the full share of work assigned to them, I am well, and my mind, as far as its house of flesh is concerned, is quite at ease. On the contrary, an insignificant ailment—a toothache, a pin prick, a corn, or a slight attack of indigestion, will unhinge my thinking powers, and unless I am hypnotized into ignoring my trivial pain, or am strong enough to will it down, it becomes excruciating and overthrows my mental equilibrium.

Reversing the picture, what is on the other side? Suppose, for instance, my conscience troubles me, or I am in deadly fear, or am raging mad, or desperately bereaved—my digestion becomes impaired, my head aches, my nerves are prostrated, my heart palpitates, my sight is dim; in fact, my whole body loses its tone and is seared and blasted by the cyclone in my mind.

Interaction between mind and body is a fact firmly established by experience, and accepting this as truth, are we putting it to practical use, simply allowing this interaction to go on haphazard; or are we bringing our will to bear upon this law? That is, are we pitting law against law? for there is as surely the law of will, as there is that of relationship.

Now the individual mind, as such, has a Unit Will—**one**; but the individual's body, on the contrary, has a million or billion wills, as the case may be. Physiology, biology, all the up-to-date "ologies and isms" that pertain to body show the countless individuals that go to make up the material cell life of that combination dominated by the unit called Man. His "living environment" of flesh, absurdly called inert matter, is a world of individuals of all sizes, shapes and powers. So the many-willed body of a human being is but the pole that lies opposite and parallels the one-willed mind. Query—Can the dominant will of mind regulate the multiple wills of body, or vice versa?

As before said, our experience is yet in infancy. What new effect will be born from a pregnant cause, we have yet to learn. The causes of today are the effects of yesterday, or in other words, an evolution. Latent powers in mind are being realized. Living matter, or rather moving matter, is only half explored.

But setting all this aside, and accepting man as he accepts himself—a Unit, or individual composed of body and mind or "dust and energy," interacting, inseparable, polarized—finding by experience that his mind can be tortured, even unbalanced, by his body, and his body almost murdered by his mind—what is he going to do about it?

I am not intending to investigate abnormal cases, where martyrs burned at the stake have

dominated their suffering by radiant spirit, where a man of science of the Galileo stamp has succumbed in the torture chamber and lied in the face of truth; for these only go to show that exceptionally under great stress and strain, the element of time being a factor, the body comes uppermost triumphantly, or vice versa. I shall simply consider an ordinary, everyday, sick-and-well man, with an individual will running para to colonies upon colonies of other wills which make up his body, and belong to him by right of unity.

Yes, his body belongs to him, matter belongs to him—he cannot exist apart from it in some form; but his possessions are conditioned and subject to the law of the organic, and the principle of relativity. He has something more than a vested right in matter, he has an inherent, eternal right. It is the other half of himself—the live half, that stands for the many balanced everlastingly against his Ego, the one. But because that half of him is the **many** and he himself is the **one**, equilibrium between the two is hard to keep. One or the other pole is likely for the time being to dominate, and the warfare since Adam, of fighting the flesh or mastering the spirit, is going on continually with all save those who have learned the art of balance between the two, or approximate poise.

The great error lies in the idea—never in the least borne out by facts—that one or the other pole should be annihilated. A Schopenhauer would kill the will or mind, and a Brahman zealot

would crucify the body; a modern priestess would deny that same body a right even to be; and a modern phallic worshiper would immerse mind in the symbolic fetish of sex.

But the sane, honest thinker, who looks on both sides of the question, demands fair play between the poles of himself, and strives by experience to find out at just what point body and mind reach a moving equilibration. He does not say to his body, "You take mind in hand and heal and dominate it," nor to his mind, "You force body to health," in defiance of its indestructible law of relativity. On the contrary, being no fool, he recognizes the principle of the organic, and allows it freedom to accomplish its healing work, if possible, in its own way.

This abnormal forcing of body to play the part of mind, and mind to play the part of body, is what does the mischief in the attempt at cures of either one or the other.

The question, then, sifts down to this: If body has its own self-governing law, namely, that of rhythm and relationship, adapting its parts with perfect accord one with the other, resulting in harmony,—how shall man know when the likewise eternal law of discord is opposing it?

The answer is simple. In the majority of cases, pain or discomfort is the newsbearer.

We condemn pain, we deny its right to be, we even lie unto ourselves and pretend that it is not; but perhaps if we realized that this much

maligned messenger is often a life-saver, we might not class it hereafter among the unmitigated evils.

Without pain we should probably have no way of ascertaining the disorder and chaos of the body, and would therefore fail to apply remedies. By applying remedies I do not necessarily mean medicine, though there are cases where both medicine and the attention of a specialist are absolutely essential to a restoration of harmony. The organs, tissues and nerves cry and shriek for help in the voice of pain, and the mind proceeds to obtain assistance. In numerous instances, however, pain comes as a caution and warning to mind to let body entirely alone; to cease feeding and over-using it, thus giving it a chance through its law of adaptability to readjust and heal itself.

The office of mind, then, in reference to its other pole of body, is to treat it scientifically, that is rationally, **not** interferingly.

Learn by experience and investigation the inherent rights and relationships of the organs of matter that make up your physical structure, and let the law of them have its fair chance. A body that can evolve itself is quite likely to be able to look out for itself. The best kind of mind cure is that just one of recognizing body cure. If the mind once realizes the dignity, wonder, mystery of matter in organization, it will surely see also the stupendous law of the organic that acts within it. A man becoming fully conscious of his body's inherent power as body, will trust

it long enough to practically let it alone, barring accidents or exceptional cases, and will find himself in the same category with the healthy child of a savage, whose mind is yet too slightly developed to materially interfere with his bodily functions.

The real mind cure method has a "mind your own business" basis, that is, a recognition by mind of the rights and powers of matter, as the other pole of itself. Once getting this insight, and treating the body as powerful and self-adjustable, at the same time recognizing the interaction between itself and mind, man might live on indefinitely and in comparatively sound health. Always alert to recognize the signs of pain, not morbidly but scientifically, helping body in any reasonable way, by medicine or otherwise, when the help **must** be had, letting it alone when it so demands,—in fact, treating it as a man should treat his wife or a lover his eternal mate, watch its rhythms and guarding against its passions,—he ought to become a Methuselah and inhabit the earth for centuries. By science, fair play, and a growing experience well used, he ought also to get rid of that bugbear called old age, with its brittle arteries, gray hairs, and toothless jaws. Knowing balance or poise, the mind should never permit the body to go the pace that leads to disorganization; the body should be allowed liberty, **not** license.

Healing, then, would better be called balancing,

or an establishing of equipoise. Body and mind should be good friends, splendid running mates; but as it is now, one seems everlastingly trying to get the better of the other, and the individual owner of them both finds it convenient to grow old or die "without let or hindrance." He permits his body to become debauched and carrion-fed, and groans because he is chained to a house of flesh; or, on the contrary, allows his body no rights at all, and wails because it cries out in pain. He denies that there is any "dust" whatever, and becomes an oracle without its temple. Mind is married to matter, and cannot escape, so what is the use of flying from one state to another in frantic effort to obtain divorce. Far better is it for a man to establish amicable relations between the polarities of himself, learning by experience how to apply the inherent laws of either justly and fairly, thus striking an approximate balance that assures him sound health, escape from old age, and more years than he will care to count.

Though there is certainly a law of the organic, and a principle of balanced relationships, there is another law that works towards dissolution. Should we look more closely we shall find that these apparently two principles are really but one. An over tendency to organize and relate would outreach itself, as a house may be built too tall, or a person grow too large to adapt to the environment about him, consequently going to

pieces from congestion or over-production; as if the organizing principle could say, "I have overdone this, I must tear it down, get back to original matter and try again." So after all, the law of dissolution may be but a serviceable aspect of the law of synthetic structure.

But right here comes the mind's opportunity to heal, or balance body. If a man finds himself so large he cannot enter a door or associate with his kind, he well knows that dissolution is near by, and if he as mind does not interfere, then the law of body will take a hand and dissolve the house of flesh and reorganize.

In fact, experience and athletic balance will show him a thousand ways to keep the other pole of himself adaptable to the world's environment.

I have previously stated that if body made itself, it probably knows how to take care of itself. This sentence is prefixed with an if. But whether it made itself, in the womb of the mother who fed it the material with which to organize and construct, or the future tenant—the ego that took possession—attended to its upbuilding, or God by his fiat demanded that it should be, makes no difference in respect to its inherent power to hold itself together in harmony with the Ego that makes use of it. Whatever the power that was back of the miracle of organized body, it, having capacity to produce such a wonder, most certainly has genius and strength enough to maintain it. Disharmony is undoubtedly the

cause of its breaking up, and harmony that which holds it together. If man then gets some understanding of the law-working power that built his body, he is pretty likely to be able to maintain it intact as long as he so desires.

THE UNIT OF FORCE AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

What is a Unit of Force? What is an individual?

To the first question I answer promptly, that force per se I know nothing about, neither do you, nor any other. Whence it comes, how and why, are questions beyond the power of intellect.

What we do know, however, in its secondary attribute is energy or force manifested in that which we call matter. Now a Unit of this energy or manifested force, would seem to be a certain prescribed amount, a quantitative expression. But this is no answer. I must look deeper. A unit would be better defined as a quantitative possibility; that is, a generative power equal to a fixed value. But again, I am in a quandary. Does it not take power to generate power,—force to generate force?

Well, then, I must go round in a circle and say that there is an eternal Unit of Force, with a constant power to express (a better word, perhaps, than generate) a fixed value; and I do not posit this from any knowledge we have of

force per se. On the contrary, I reason from our knowledge of energy or force in matter. If, then, we have units of energy, that is, fixed quantitative values of energy expressing themselves through those which we call individuals, what is an individual? Answer: An individual is something which cannot be divided. It is determined, and has identity and continuity. It is a being—**One**. It stands in a sense for independence and egoism. In other words, it is a Unit of Force either latent or active. It is not exactly a lump of coal with a quiescent power to burn. It is not necessarily combustion bottled up. Kinetic it will act, and latent it will sleep; but either way and beyond and above both, it is self-energizing, no matter how, whether from drawing on outside resources, such as food and air, or inner resources,—electrical or magnetic. Its power **to so draw** is not the stuff utilized, but something that cannot find its explanation in the interaction or assimilation of material or electrical products. I have a habit of presenting man as an illustration, though a Unit of Force is not necessarily human.

Man, then, from an experimental standpoint, and as far as we know, is a Unit of Force called an **individual**; that is, he has a limited, but constant power to generate energy, or rather to express it, beyond and above the material called to his assistance in so doing. In other words, the builder of the fire called man, is not the fuel nor the dissipated energy that results therefrom.

Neither the combustion nor the manifold expressions accruing, are the individual Unit manipulating the same. But while he is not, in one sense, the result of his own doing, in another sense he is.

Now here we must think closely. Something **comes** from this constant redistributing of energy, everlastingly necessitated by this limited but constant amount of unknown, dynamic impulse behind it. What is it? It is the other half of the individual or the indivisible—his world, self-created and inseparable from him. It is the many of himself polarized to the **One** or **Ego**. But “the many” you say, are egos, too, self-willed, and not his own unit. True, but they are within the field of that unit’s energy, as we are in the field of the Universal energy; that is, the man’s inner world and the unit of productive energy are eternally inseparable.

But here a more difficult problem presents itself: How can a quantitatively fixed unit of energy go on to infinity producing phenomena? We must remember right here, that the limitation in man’s productive power, dynamically considered, does not lie in time as a whole, but in a fraction of time. That is, at any given time, man is limited to a given accomplishment, according to his power to express in matter as energy. His force would seem almost to be numbered, as a unit-energy of say two, four, or six capacity. Remember again, that I am dealing now with his fullest capability, not with that possibly expressed; for more likely

than not he allows to lie dormant, unused, or latent, a reserve power, like money in bank, not drawn upon unless the occasion demands.

If my position be correct, that man is a Unit of Force sitting centrally, so to speak, among his creations,—in one sense dominating his expressed field of energy, in another sense dominated by it,—individual in that he and his world of energized things cannot be divided; individual also in that his generative power is constant and true to itself; myriad and self willing in that within his field of energy he can manipulate its expressions and create or lie dormant through a regulated rhythm, we have, as an individual unit, an apparent contradiction which the real thinker resolves into a paradox.

As man, then, you are a being with exhaustless resource, limited, nevertheless, by time and number. As though behind you were an eternal spring of life-giving water, that you are forced to imbibe through a pipe restricted in size, yours might be a four inch, mine a two; you in one instant have twice the quantity that I obtain, yet that does not prevent my obtaining your quota a moment after. The element of time and all that goes with time, such as space, quantity, quality, modality, etc., are the restraining elements; that is, man's manifested world, even in himself, strikes hands with restrictions at once, and his unit of individual energy, while unrestricted as to its inexhaustible power of indivisibility and resource, is a force of constant and fixed value from its point

of expression. Remembering that a paradox is not a contradiction, and that in the Unit of Force itself is the unassailable law of polarity, I believe that as far as science and experience have gone, my hypothesis of the individual unit per se is beyond dispute.

OUR RIGHT AND TITLE IN HAPPINESS.

In one kind of happiness we as individuals have an inherent right and title, in another we have not.

The object of life is **life**, and its elixir is happiness.

In the realm of relativity the rule holds good that the greatest happiness to the greatest number is as near the ideal as can possibly be reached, as relativity by its very nature implies immense misery, whether or no. Relativity implies a condition where many people are striving for the same thing. Whether it be wealth, fame or love, there are always plenty of contestants in the game, and some must of necessity go to the wall.

One who enters the more active forms of life knows intuitively that he must fight every step of the way towards that which he wants, as many others will be reaching after the same thing, with perhaps as good a right as he. In the quieter forms of life the game will perhaps be less intense, nevertheless he will have to play it, and play it too with his eye on the happiness of the greatest number. If not the happiness most certainly the

greatest good, for the realm of relativities is subject to great and little, high and low, good and evil.

Now the other kind of happiness, that to which you have absolute, inherent right and title, concerns your own particular self irrespective of others so far as the happiness goes. This happiness comes like dew from heaven upon your soul, when you have done a great, good or self-sacrificing act. It results not from the attainment of what you want necessarily, but more often from yielding your personal desire to the general good. This happiness is the reward, inherent, of unselfish virtue, a certain revelling in virtue for her own pure sake. Now we are not preaching a foolish self-sacrifice that pampers the selfishness of others. On the contrary, we condemn this as unjust, and a breeder of misery to the one who so abases himself as to lie prostrate that his fellows may walk over him. What we mean is quite different. It is the giving up one's personal desire for the general justice and good of another or others, when by so doing a greater amount of happiness is resultant than could otherwise be obtained. Any person so doing, if occasion demands, attains, himself, the supreme bliss of virtue for its own sake, and distributes a larger number of special delights among his kind, than could otherwise be experienced. Even more, he often averts a great evil which might result from selfish indulgence. To illustrate: A man becomes

rampant with a special desire—good, perhaps ennobling in itself, but which cannot be realized without appalling results to others. He may long to found an orphan asylum, or endow an “Old People’s Home.” By a little sharp practice in business, wrecking many homes thereby, he achieves a fortune and consummates his desire. Let me tell you it will be long—long before he attains the absolute happiness of “virtue for its own sake” after such shady procedure. A woman loves a man who is married. She too perhaps is married, but not to the man she loves. Now this love of hers may be sacred, per se—God alone knows, but she has no right and title in the happiness which it brings. Its shadow rests on the home of another. Through her Karma has she arrived at her present condition in life, and in the relativities no happiness is legitimately hers, that brings injustice into the lives of others. Nor will she taste of the absolute bliss, while allowing special unholy delights to enamor her, to the extent that others concerned are affected. This works with man the same.

Ambition is a good thing, and fame, and the laurel wreath most splendid,—in honest competition worthy of a God. Contest in the open, where sly tricks are unknown, and everything is fair and square, is health giving and stimulating. But a battle won, like a love, through unfair means, inconsiderate of justice and the rights of others, cuts one off at once from his title in this

absolute, self-respecting happiness, which comes to the virtuous through the practice of virtue.

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Do not imagine for a moment that a special happiness is not a good thing; on the contrary, any special object you desire, that rightly and justly can be attained, is a joy. It is **not** the absolute, inherent happiness to which you are entitled through sure service of virtue for her own sake; but a special, acquired right—say the passion of love for a person, the acquisition of wealth, the privilege of travel, the attainment of fame or honor; these come by fairly are often sources of supreme delight, accompanied, however, by the dread of the loss of them. This dread acting as a shadow to foil the sun.

The happiness of self-sacrifice has no such shadow, and being an inherent right, rather than an acquired one, it is the more stable of the two. Nevertheless the acquired right to a special happiness is its own excuse for being, and is to be sought with all one's energy.

WHAT AND WHO IS A MASTER?

The characteristics of the master are emphatically expressed. Let us enumerate some of them: First and pre-eminent is poise or balance. The master in private life is in a jungle of complexity—more than any other man, because his power draws all kinds of humanity to him and tests his mastership at once. Now mark you, if he can adjust to such a state, being pulled as he is in all directions, by a medley of human beings, and can keep perfect poise, **never yielding principle**—at the same time realizing that this principle of equity applies not only to himself but to these others also—showing no unjust bias or partiality, using tact in a pre-eminent degree, not only tact but sympathy and kindness, he has one of the great attributes of a great man or master. To test himself he must be in the crowd, among his kind, following his ordinary line of duty. To get along alone is very well, but to work out and realize his supreme power, he must be with others,—those that by right and duty he has associated himself with. A master avoids ultra things as far as possible. The problem of everyday life is hard

enough without making it harder by devious and unusual ways. The master avoids eccentricity and abnormality, realizing perfectly that there is enough that is strenuous without cultivating it. If he wants a problem, he finds it anywhere, in the simplest things.

As before said, the master has many characteristics, but they base on poise. However great he otherwise may be, or how much of a genius, without this balance **mastership** is impossible.

POSING.

You read pages of nonsense and gush, but what proof? "New Thought" abounds in statements, assertions and positions embellished with "dear one" and "sweetheart," but proof—where is it? It is perfectly proper to make an assertion, and any thinker can ferret out its self-evidence. It is perfectly proper to present data which any one interested can verify; but when a lecture is given or book written that is neither self-evident nor verifiable, unless the writer calls it dream or belief, it is balderdash. I may be as assertive as Cromwell or Swedenborg, if I call it my "belief" or my "fancy," but should I present this stuff for bald fact or science, I deserve ostracism by all sane, progressive minds. There are some things very cheap in this world, and posing is one of them.

A philosopher is either a child or a worker. He is never a creature of assertion. If he gets inspirations he is exceedingly careful about presenting them, unless he can bring verification; for he himself can scarcely know that they are inspirations, till they have been proven.

Cranks are breeding more and more of their kind,—lazy humanity opposed to giving value for value.

Here is a formula: Psychic impression is very real when it equals either demonstration—fact, or self-evidence; otherwise it lies over against possibility or absurdity, and if given out, should be qualified with the words “may be” or “can’t be.”

Psychic impression equals fact—demonstration.

Psychic impression equals self-evidence.

Psychic impression equals fiction or dream.

THE THINGS WE HATE.

If you watch matters of fact, you will notice that people are very apt to have taken from them that of which they have become very fond, while the things and jobs they hate, stay persistently by them. Why is this? If I am fond of a thing, there is a good reason, and that same reason is likely to make another fond of it also; complications arise, and the loved thing, person, or job is often lost. We hate a thing,—some person we have to live with, or some work we have to do, and it holds us, as does the fly-paper the fly. We “can’t seem to get rid of it.” Allow me to contradict you, however, you can. If you are a teacher, a lawyer, or a housekeeper you will most likely be relieved of your job, when you learn to love it. Become extremely interested, so much so that you really hate to quit, and some fine day you will find yourself down and out, and you will be sorry, too. Of course you will find compensation and be glad later, perhaps, but you will grieve for your loved and lost, nevertheless.

Now here is the philosophy: So long as you complain and grumble about the work you have

to do, no matter whether it be washing dishes, teaching school or trying cases, you are liable to keep on doing it. But when you find the element of delight that is most surely concealed in even the meanest work, you are liable to find yourself outside it. The reason philosophically is, that you have rounded it out, completed and fulfilled it. A man or a woman might persist along a certain line a hundred years and not find its undoubted merit, as would perhaps another person in a decade. You are not through with a job when you hate it, and it being at the same time your enemy, is not through with you. If you quit it in that frame of mind, you will continually revert to it with a dissatisfied, indignant feeling that will embitter your whole nature. That unmastered work will haunt you as all unmastered things in your sphere do. The fact that you could not and would not assimilate that which was legitimately your work by the law of cause and effect (the cause being your own karma by the way) is like repudiating your own offspring. If you are in the least wise, you will find, if you want to really lose that hated thing, job or person, you will have to realize it even to the point of love for it; otherwise if you quit with it apparently, you will be obsessed by it nevertheless. You are not through with a thing till it receives its due, and it is certainly not through with you. The equation has not been struck otherwise.

Now this does not refer to jobs, persons or things that you have not undertaken. Should

you start seriously to master Euclid, proceed a way in it and then give it up, you have failed in fulfilling your karma. The fact that you started in the study making a causation out of it and a link in your chain of experiences, implies that it is yours indefinitely. If, however, you "steer clear" of a thing, person, study or job, that very steering clear in itself — yes, the avoidance, is again a link in the chain of your karma. Therefore that which you find yourself actually engaged in, proves, because you are so engaged, that you have come to it normally and causally and must really find the lovable in it before you can pass it by.

How about evil, you say, under this philosophy?

The trouble with an evil thing, person, study or job (evil in itself we mean) is that you love it too much. You would never stay a moment with evil, if it had not a diabolic charm. The good that lies in every evil you have found, and are gloating over and exaggerating. Now by this love you can and must escape this very evil itself. If it be an abnormal habit like lust, or love of drink, love it to excess, and it will turn and rend you either by disgust or by death. The reaction from it will be either your cure or your extinction. This same rule applied to a good thing, person, study or job (good in itself we mean), shows that you are, when the love seems very secure, liable to lose it.

So, if you would retain a treasured person,

study, thing or job, do not love it to excess; and if you would be rid of a loved evil, love it to the point of satiety, and it will fly from you and set you free.

SYMPATHY

To be "lost in another" is not to dispense with one's individuality. On the contrary, the Ego, thus seemingly submerged, is in reality intensified. People to us are after all environment; even our nearest and dearest are outside objects with which ourselves as subjects, are in sympathy. The "I" or Ego of man is only such because of an environment apart from it, and such a condition as that of complete merging or absorption into one's surroundings, whether person or otherwise, is impossible if the "I" or Ego maintain itself as such in consciousness. That element of difference which proves that the "Me" is never the "not me" is the very field of consciousness itself.

Now when I sympathize with my friend, I am not lost or absorbed by him; on the contrary, he is a sort of addendum to my inner world. I have annexed him and set him up as an idol in my shrine. Looking closer I find that I had him **before** I had him; that is, in me was the niche where he was to be by the very nature of myself; in me was the absolute possibility of accurate response to one such as he. I had waited for him

through the eternities. He and he only could rouse to life a mertain "**Me**" that must otherwise have slept. Now this apparently **disinterested** sympathy which I feel for him is in reality sublimely selfish,—nobly, honorably selfish. It is not the selfishness that cheats others through my acquisitions; on the contrary, it is the appropriating of that which is legitimately mine,—as much so as the air I breathe and the light by which I see.

This friend to whom I seem to be sacrificing, is in reality rebuilding or readjusting my inner world; overhanging it with divine skies; painting it with ravishing sunsets; opening entrancing vistas; and revealing haunting perspectives that otherwise would have been unknown. He gives nothing but myself to myself; that is, he becomes the mirror by which I see the principalities just outside the narrow confines of my former world.

So this friend, this being for whom my sympathy is unquenchable, is really after all but the reflector of my previously unrealized self. As if I had lived ages upon ages without viewing my own face, when suddenly spying it in a still pool, I discover the color of my eyes, the sheen of my hair, the curl of my lips, the texture of my skin. Though I never see myself in the glassy mirror of the lake again, I have added to my inner world the vision of a face which was really mine before.

Any thing or person that can extend and enlarge our possessions in consciousness (and of what value whatever are they to us as **individuals** out

of consciousness), with that person or thing we sympathize. I think I must revise this sentence. Anything that can extend or enlarge our possessions pleurably in consciousness, calls forth our sympathy; and this makes it quite apparent that anything that extends our inner dominion, unpleasantly arouses antagonism or lack of sympathy. That is, if I look into a pool of still water and discover myself ugly, I am obliged to carry along the picture and hate it accordingly. So whoever or whatever jostles into consciousness some despicable part of me that previously lay sleeping, I repudiate it then and there, but fail to get rid of it, nevertheless.

I have sympathy for those only that stir some latent good that is in me into activity. There is an old saying: "Hate the sin, but love the sinner." Even those pretentious persons who claim to love indiscriminately and universally, have to rest on some such maxim, for they dare not love the sin. In their repudiating of evil I have proved, beyond dispute, that they do not love everything. The most punctilious saint shows a fine daintiness continually as to what he likes and hates; he is constantly picking and choosing, and though his tongue prates of universal love, his acts give the lie to his pretension, and show him to be self-deceived if not in the fullest sense a deceiver.

Now there is such a thing as universal appreciation, but it is strictly of the intellect and not of the heart. When we say **love**, we are in the realm of feeling, where all humanity, as well as things

inanimate, are selective and sympathetic. Scientifically, I am as interested in the plague of small-pox as in the scent of a rose, but emotionally I repudiate one and gloat over the other. We are not intellectually sympathetic; we are intellectually curious, just and impartial. Emotionally, however, from the aspect of loving and hating, our sympathy and repugnance run rampant.

He who preaches a doctrine of universal love in lieu of selective sympathy, is no true student of human nature, and cannot prove his point by any living or inanimate example. The very nature of individualism or multiplicity in life, is repulsion and attraction; otherwise there could be no consciousness as we know it, and no debate upon the subject whatever. If a man is sufficiently identified to even discuss the question, he is in the whirl of interchangeable life and therefore in the realm of feeling, which means love and hate. He himself is being roused continually, as he evolves among his kind, into a bigger and bigger Ego in consciousness—not bigger in reality, but in possibility of given experience. In other words, he is repudiating or sympathizing with things and persons as they reveal by their impacts himself unto himself.

Can he control his sympathies, you ask? Yes, to an extent. That is, if I get a glimpse of myself in the mirror, and fear that the picture will make me too happy or too vain, I can refrain from looking again, studying and revelling in its special features. So, on the contrary, if I find

ugliness, I need not curse myself continually with the vision, but may turn my eyes away. Herein lies the power of will or freedom over sympathy and its opposite, making us responsible for our loves and hates.

An important question arises at this point: How about a generalized sympathy, that is, sympathy for a group or a race? The answer is simple: It is always the Gentile as against the Jew, or vice versa. As soon as you combine a number into unity, you again have a **One**,—an individualized “**not you**” as the environment or object of you yourself—a **big mirror**, but a reflector nevertheless. You may generalize to any extent, except that of universality. Something must be polarized to that other something called yourself, lest consciousness be impossible. When you love the world in toto it becomes a Unit—**One**; you yourself are another, and the world upon worlds in the vault above, still others. By no possible arrangement can you escape “the many” in feeling and comprehension and be conscious of them at all. In dealing with the universal, you apparently step outside it, and line it up against you like balanced poles of one and the same thing.

Sympathy is a “fellow feeling,” and is not necessarily pity, though it often takes this form. Our feeling of compassion for some one is nevertheless a self-revelation. I go down into the valley of bereavement with my friend, and draw from it a strange consolation. In sharing his

trouble I am not only making his burden lighter, but mine also, which some day I shall have to carry on my own account. My possible vale of grief has been revealed to me through his, and when my time of suffering comes I shall escape the shock that otherwise I must feel. "I have been there before," I shall say to myself, "in the misery of my friend." So even that aspect of sympathy which we call pity has its somber advantages and is not repudiated.

There is a limit, however, to our power of pity. Beyond that limit we resent such emotion and despise the person who is unstintingly drawing from our well of tears. Justice calls a halt, and bids us ascend from the vale of grief and bask in the sunlight on clear heights. Every person we meet sympathetically, in some **special** way needs us; in some **one** point is our inferior,—less strong than we. As a being or unit he may be our superior, but if he makes draughts upon our pity and love, he has most certainly a lack that we can make up to him and in so doing the rich residue of himself becomes a reflector to our inner eyes, revealing to us our otherwise unexplored country.

THE FUNERAL OF "A LIVING CORPSE."

The Twentieth Century makes emphatic assertions, among others that philosophy, oratory and poetry are dead. Bacon, Kant, Spencer, have rounded out philosophy, there is nothing more on that subject to be submitted,—it is dead. Demosthenes, Cicero and Webster have completed the circle and possibilities in oratory,—it is dead. Sappho, Keats, Poe, have fulfilled the mission of poetry,—it is dead. Now having disposed of these flowers of culture, let the people gird up and begin "**doing things.**"

But possibly the Twentieth Century is hasty in its judgments. That which seemed to have died has perhaps not been critically examined. No expert has his finger on the pulse of the "corpse." After all it may still be alive and dormant, like the hibernating bear. Something is stalking the land, hunting game, calling itself philosophy, poetry, oratory, and the world laughs.

This travesty has no sense of a syllogism, no respect for logic and fact, yet labels itself philosophy. It has no roses of Pieria, yet calls itself poetry. It has no persuasive "golden tongue,"

yet presents itself as oratory. So the human shakes his head, winks, shrugs his shoulders, and says, "dead! the real thing is dead!"

The old masters in philosophy since the Renaissance, had a way of burying themselves to prevent actual interment. A thinker can find a temporary grave in words, if he so desire, and is sure in that way of a periodic resurrection. The shallow mind will never bother about him, but the miner for genius and thought is bound to dig him out. So the philosopher perpetuates himself by hiding. The common, everyday man, up to his ears in work, is most surely not spending his nights over the abstruse postulates of the Critique of Pure Reason or the metaphysical "reactions" of Hegel. Those men and their thoughts, as far as he goes, are dead and returned to whence they came. Nor will he moon over Sappho and Poe. How can he, when his own power of imagery is sound asleep. Therefore, the poets are corpses, or rather wraiths. Nor will he read the speeches of Patrick Henry or Clay. He does not respond to nerve tickling words and rounded periods. He is "doing things." The orator is extinct.

Well then, if the blossom is dead because I am blind and cannot see it, if melody is dead because I am deaf and cannot hear it, if philosophy is dead because I am thoughtless and cannot grasp it, then I, too, must be on the verge of collapse.

Two reasons are the cause of this absurd judgment on the Muse by the Twentieth Century: First, the age is pursuing practical ends, and its

energy is spent along those lines. Second, and growing out of the first, the age is asleep in certain of its faculties. It is not a question of the **death** of philosophy, oratory, poetry, after all; on the contrary, the case is reversed. The Twentieth Century is atrophied in regard to them. It has but a faint capacity of response, and therefore asserts that these arts themselves are no more. If my ears are stopped and I cannot hear a musical rhapsody, the stark corpse is not the body of the sound, but I myself. This being so, the travesty of these apparently dead wonders has its golden opportunity and proceeds to use it for all it is worth. Everywhere are doctors of philosophy without a consistent cult. Everywhere are poets without the poem, orators without oratory.

There are books upon books, in this Century, full of "pronouncements" on philosophy; volumes weedy with assertions that are not self-evident; judgments not founded on discovered facts, and reasoning without logical premise. Therefore, the world wags its head, puts a finger to its brow, and laughs. There is verse and verse—yards and yards of it—rhythmic, clean-cut, crystal clear, but like a glass of water: You look through it, and searching, find a blank. Being like water, it has no **fire**; it cannot burn. The world says trash, and laughs again. Well groomed men stand on platforms and "orate." Their coats are well cut and funereal. Their gestures go to prove their close dealings with some school of dramatic expression. Their voices are persuasive; their

throats well oiled. Their words are picked and matched like gems in a necklace. They make no "holy show" of themselves, sawing space and tearing their hair. They are altogether well-mannered, and the people who compose their audiences get up and go out, one after another, bored to death. Why? Because in these orators there is no "do or die" earnestness, no defiant intent to carry the people en masse on the wings of their words. Their flying machines are out of order. There is something wrong with the soaring gear. If they themselves are incapable of rising, how can they expect to lift the dead weight of an irresponsible crowd along with them?

Philosophy has a strange way of resurrecting itself periodically, just as an individual gets up in the morning after a good night of sleep. And the world has a peculiar habit of recognizing it, after its energy has been withdrawn from some other object.

Absolute inertness is unthinkable. A stick of wood burns when the match is applied. If there was no real need of philosophy in the world, it would surely die. But, as a cult or philosophic belief is simply a means to an end—a formula or set of formulas toward smooth living—a guide to the line of least resistance in the path men travel, and as the world cannot get on without it, the apparent corpse of philosophy is, after all, only shamming, and mankind is deluding itself when it pronounces it dead.

Poetry has an equally uncanny way of reap-

pearing and charming earth with its syren voice,—possibly in the distant echo of the steam whistle, the far, ominous cry of the motor, or the dull reverberation of the whirring wheel. Poetry is not always where the sun sets, or the rainbow vanishes. The Muse sometimes strokes the brow of the plough-boy and rides alongside the man of the plains. She digs with the miner, and flashes her fires on the laborer at the forge. She breaks in upon the monotony of a practical people, and, lifting her wings, flies over skyscrapers and shops by the side of the aeronaut. She even transforms the skyscrapers themselves into towers and turrets, and makes the heart of a great mart of trade into a castellated center of dreams. Dead? bah! Poetry is not always touching wine glasses. She is often sweeping a floor. Her language is not that of platitude, nor her tongue that of syllables.

I can very well imagine the men of the present age, those who make history, coming together decently to attend the funeral of philosophy, oratory and poetry, symbolized by a composite corpse. Flowers are brought, a few tears shed, a grave is dug, when unexpectedly, the dead becoming "quick;" it sits up in its coffin and looks about. It is the very Muse itself, resembling all those who have followed in its wake. There is a Baconian touch upon its brow, a glance like that of Spencer in its eyes, a Kantian pose of its head, a Sapphic smile on its lips, a Markham grip of the hand, and as it salutes the new century

a timbre in its voice like the great tones of a Lincoln or Demosthenes. Dead! **The Muse dead!**

The funeral is a farce. The men of action are transfixed. The travesty on "the real thing" slinks to cover. Philosophy stalks the land and proceeds to practice what it preaches; its skeleton—fact and logic, its body—self-evidence. Poetry burning with divine fire sings as she sang before on the Greek islands and the Scotch heath. Oratory discards platitudes and proceeds to uplift and win. The hustling Twentieth Century finds to its astonishment that the Muse itself is sufficiently alive to "do things," and that these so-called things having a well-fixed stamp upon them, are potent and imperishable.

Well, then, Mr. Matter of Fact, take off your funeral gloves and dismiss your pallbearers. The undertaker must wait awhile before he lays out the Muse and fills in the grave.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHAOS.

Harmony, the end sought in life, can only be found through chaos. This sounds paradoxical, to say the least; let us investigate and see.

In the first place monotony is not harmony; monotony inevitably brings about discord. Harmony is only found through an eternal readjustment of things — a continuous re-relationship. Why? Life in a sense is motion, and motion necessitates constant change. Harmony being a condition realized in life pure and simple, must therefore be coincident with change. Now there is no change, however slight, unless it has in it some element of chaos. Re-relationships mean a breaking up to unite again with a shade of difference, and this breaking up is chaos. Harmony, while not itself chaos, is nevertheless impossible without it. It is the other side of chaos, and when we ignore its right and principle, while viewing the phenomena of life, we have our eyes fixed on monotony, which is sure to breed a cataclysm. When a thing becomes so static that it seems monotonous, it is bound to go to pieces, as far as human effort is concerned. The mind by its dynamic quality can never endure an interminable condition or thing, even the divinest, without

making an attempt to alter it, and this attempt results in chaos or a restoration through cyclonic readjustment to harmony itself.

The eye cannot dwell perpetually upon one picture, though it be the face of an archangel. The ear will not tolerate a continual sound, though it be the trumpet of Gabriel. The mind revolts at a continuity without its element of difference, and to get this difference it resorts to chaos. In this very chaos itself there is a tragic charm and splendor irrespective of the new order of things it is bound to establish.

There is a savage joy in overturning—tearing down, uprooting. Nature in a mild way is constantly burning up and rebuilding. Man himself grows from a child by this process; he is a perpetual wonder of chaos and cosmos. From an infant he becomes a youth, all new as far as his material make-up is concerned; and then a man, new again, made over and over, his face, hands, hair, eyes, continually taking on fresh aspects, wrought by the sculptor Chaos into a harmonic unity adapted to his environment and demands. And what Nature sometimes takes years to do, in a fit of hurry and enthusiasm she again accomplishes in a few weeks. She rejuvenates a person in fever by burning him to a skeleton and piling new flesh on his bones. She rearranges a landscape by destroying its topography, thrusting up baby islands to the surface of a sea and leveling an old crag into a promontory.

There is affinity in the soul of man for the terrific, the terrible; the reckless joy won from

the "spice of danger" is no vain thing. The "poet" who sings in platitudes and swings to a pendulum is, after all, no poet whatever. The primal law of chaos balanced to harmony has never been revealed to him by the Muse. When the storm comes and Nature rages, he hides his head under his undeveloped plumes and shivers with fright. But the real lover of life, the stormy petrel, with wings long and pointed, and power of sustained flight above all soaring creatures, follows the phantom ship that furnishes him sustenance. Across the immensities he goes mid lightning, thunder, boiling seas and scowling clouds, finding no land anywhere for his tired feet. On, on, beating his pointed wings in teeth of the gale, through the night, through the day he travels. Chaos, tearing the clouds to ribbons, gouging out great caverns in the waves, riding on the bowsprit of the ship, snapping the masts, ripping the sails, hissing amid the yards, running across decks in balls of fire, engulfing, booming,—a veritable God of rapture and despair,—is to this wild petrel of the sea of life a Muse of majesty and unquestioned power.

There is no use talking, gentlemen,—you who prate of unqualified harmony and a static love,—you cannot sail on a placid sea of bliss and be content,—no, no, no. Your Poes and Dantes must show you hell, that you may "balance up" to heaven. Your lotus lands and your drugs are the stagnant things of earth; they have the odor of the tomb.

Chaos is evil, deadly, terrible, but without it there is nothing good; in fact in its final reaches it is itself most good. Chaos is the hag that carries an angel in her womb. Chaos is darkness with light in her eyes. Chaos is fury that hugs prolific peace. Chaos is destiny that hides the star of love. Chaos is the **wrath of God.**

THE WILL AND RHYTHM.

What is Will, and what is Rhythm? A man's will detached from the force used in executing it, I define as desire—wish. Rhythm is included in the law of action and reaction; it is the swing between the poles of being, or all opposing attitudes manifested in life. From these definitions it would seem that will and rhythm are diametrically opposed to each other, the former standing for freedom and the latter for law—necessity—fate.

As I have before argued, a principle contains within itself its opposite or tangent tendency. For instance, the so-called centrifugal force is but the normal result of the persistent centripetal. Centralization overdone, so to speak, by its very nature throws off, and the independents thus discarded follow the centrifugal law, which is nothing other than the centripetal reversed. Very well, then, let us look at this question of rhythm and will from a similar point of view. Will, desire, or wish, seemingly independent of the law of rhythm, is nevertheless immersed in it. Were it not for the rigidity of action and reaction, there could be no sense of freedom. The rebellion of

will or desire to the strict requirements of rhythm is hinged upon this very strictness. Rhythm, like the centripetal force, overdoes itself, and the independent will or freedom is born. This seems far-fetched, but let us see. What is this dualized force with its poles called centripetal and centrifugal, but another name for action and reaction or rhythm? And what is this rhythm in toto but another name for necessity and freedom. Action and reaction being the true balance between the centralizing and repulsive tendencies, this centralizing and repelling power, by **its very nature** must of necessity be polarized to another element inherent in itself, namely, freedom—will. The rigidity of the law necessitating equality between the action and reaction of energy, gives that same energy its loophole of escape, or an element of freedom. This we call free will, desire or **wish**, for necessity could never for an instant be without it. Why? If all actions and reactions had no meaning or reason for being save to act and react, and there were no opposing element in the nature of such motion, as far as consciousness goes, the universe would become motionless; but as will pure and simple is not energy per se, and as energy per se is but the stress and strain in substance, there is a point—nodal or surdal—where they neutralize, and here desire or will or freedom—whatever you choose to call it—has its being in consciousness. The very conditions of action and reaction **could not be without** this

turning point; and here the unknowable third element appears, which we call Will.

But coming down from the metaphysical aspect of this question into the conscious life of man, I find him restricted exteriorly and free within; his very freedom again necessitating his restrictions. Why? Being a Unit of Force, not the Unit of Force, there are others like himself internally free, with wills and aspirations also. Now that the many may be free in this great sea of "Oneness," each having the same right of liberty as the other, exteriorly they must be restricted; that is they limit each other, and rhythm and interaction of necessity follow; not that only, but desire or will itself by its very nature is craving for a special,—some thing or things as distinct from other thing or things. Inwardly I may indulge this will or wish to my heart's content. I am free to desire whatever specials I choose, but let me once proceed to act my longing, that is, energize this wish and send it rampant into the realm of objectivity, and I bring up against limitations on every side. Other wills as inherently free as my own are ranged against me. I find myself in a sea of tides, struggling with rhythm and nearly drowned in the rise and fall of objectivity. Things toss me about like a derelict—the actions and reactions of others are regulating my own; matter in all forms of vibration is asserting its rights; wheels are revolving within wheels, and paths are crossing paths—the boundless freedom of "the me," pure and simple, is circumscribed by some other "me" interiorly like unto myself.

Yet without this restriction brought about by external objects, there could be no interior freedom to desire anything at all; and without this interior freedom to desire a thing, there could be no objects whatever in our conscious universe.

LIKE THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

“He gnashed his teeth,
“Fire glimmered in his eyes,
“Anguish intolerable wrung his heart,
“While he put on his glorious arms—
 “‘The labor of a God.
“His broad shield uplifted last, luminous as the
 moon,
“Such as to mariners a fire appears kindled by
 shepherds
“On the distant top of some lone hill.
“Such, from Achilles’ burning shield divine,
 “‘A lustre struck the skies.’”
This armor was forged by Vulcan, for the goddess Thetis to present to her son Achilles.
“He fashioned first a shield massy and broad,
“Toiling with skill divine.
“There he described the earth, the heaven, the sea,
“The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orbed.
“There also all the stars that round about
“As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies;
“The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might of
 huge Orion;
“There discord raged, there Tumult
“And the force of ruthless Destiny.

“There too he formed the likeness of a field
“Crowded with corn,
“In which the reapers toiled,
“Each with a sharp-toothed sickle in his hand:
“There also, amid a pleasant grove
“A pasture formed, spacious
“And sprinkled o’er with silver sheep.
“To these the glorious artist added next
“A labyrinth of dance, such as of old
“In Crete’s broad island,
“Doedalus composed
“For bright-haired Ariadne;
“Last, with the might of Ocean’s boundless flood,
“He filled the border of the wondrous shield;
“The armor finished, bearing in his hand the
 whole
“He set it down at Thetis’ feet.
“She like a falcon from the snowy top
“Stooped of Olympus, bearing to the earth
“The dazzling wonder fresh from Vulcan’s hand.
“Now rose the moon in saffron vest attired
“From Ocean, with new day for gods and men,
“When Thetis at the fleet of Greece arrived,
 “Bearing that gift divine!”

The great in philosophy,—the master, he who knows himself and life, is protected by a shield that reflects all earth and sky as did that of Achilles. His armour is forged by Vulcan in the deeps of experience, and bearing it before him, he is invincible and secure. Unless his mother,—the Thetis, in whose womb he slept, places this panoply at his feet, he is helpless in waging war on

his enemy; but once attired, and his shield,—“the labor of a God”, uplifted, “he gnashes his teeth, Fire glimmers in his eyes,” and “though anguish intolerable wrings his heart,” the battle is his and his alone.

It is a fact that no man dare face the dangers of life without some form of protection. He is on the defensive and he knows it. Even the savage has his crude and ghostly religion as a barrier between himself and the onslaughts of the world. His shield may be covered with animal hides “seven deep,” but it protects him from head to foot when pushing his way through the labyrinth of life. True, it does not reflect the sun from its bosses, nor the pale glamour of the moon, nor is there a pictured ocean at its rim. Wheels within wheels, perhaps are wanting, but it is “seven deep” with hides, and serves the purpose demanded by his childish soul.

Again there is the shield of the common man, with the ritual of his church or order engraved upon it,—an amulet strong enough to ward off any enemy deeming him worthy of attack. All fighters have shields; only the inherently protected go outwardly unprotected.

To dare the world, the flesh and the devil is to defy every thing or person with a will differently disposed from your own. It is Troy challenging Greece, and Greece challenging Troy. The instant you start to **blaze your own trail**, north, south, east or west, in the journey of life, death stalks beside you. Instinctively you shield yourself, and push

on. A shaft strikes here and is warded off, another there and rebounds. From head to foot are you covering up your naked self, lest a vital part be hit. Of course there are sheep! Followers are on all the grazing places of earth, and though they are without panoply, the shepherd who fights their battles and does their thinking is armed from head to foot.

All cults that have made their way, and have not gone down before the world's onslaughts, have had masters protected by shields and helmets cunningly fashioned, more or less strong, and now and then invincible. If there is anywhere a weak spot in the armor of a leader of a religion or philosophy, the opposing world is bound to find it, and only that system stands the onslaught of centuries whose prophet carries before him an invulnerable shield. A little teacher or preacher comes and goes with a blare of trumpet and glitter of steel; he rushes forth to battle with conventional life followed by a "pack of sheep"; "his massy shield o'ershadowing him whole, Ten circles bright of brass around its field." But later another teacher or preacher carrying another shield with ten more circles of brass, crushes him in the dust, and the world encores and laughs. The question is perfectly self-settling. If a man **cannot** stand, he can **not**, that is all. His shield may ward off destruction for a time, but he finds later that death was only sparring. The fatal blow is bound to be struck, and his faith and himself overthrown. He has had his little day. He has gone into history as a corpse. He is not immortal.

But a shield like that of Achilles, forged by a God—"luminous as the moon", is the matchless wonder carried by him, master or man, who can blaze his own trail, and maintain his own position as against the world. If his mother Thetis descends from Olympus and pleads with Vulcan to settle "his ponderous anvil on the block—one hand with his huge hammer filled, one with the tongs," a shield with "five strong folds" will be forged, as invincible as destiny. All splendors of earth, sea and sky will be reflected from its massive front—flashing defiance to the very objects which it dares to mirror.

To huge Orion in the sky, another "huge Orion" on Achilles' shield sends challenge.

To the sun in heaven "that rests not" another restless sun flings its resplendent rays.

To the "moon full-orbed" another moon as luminous, stares daringly.

To the stars above,—“The Pleiads and the Hyads”, the stars upon this deep sheen of moving panoply flaunt greeting.

To Discord, Tumult, ruthless Destiny, the raging furies of Achilles' shield throw down the gauntlet.

And to the fields of whispering corn and growing grain on earth's warm stretches, the summer glories on the shield's perspectives wave their greeting.

And to the groves and pastures "sprinkled with silver sheep," the living, moving wonders of Vulcan's masterpiece give answer.

Even bright-haired Ariadne on Achilles' shield

is dancing as once aforetime "In Crete's broad island" she danced and dallied. And on it too the ocean falls and rises, as boundless as the mighty flood on earth's great bosom.

He who faces the whole world of objectivity and dares it, must be **himself** the **whole** world. Greek meets Greek. Any honest armor is better than none, when man goes forth to fight the battle of life; but that which is forged by a God is beyond compare.

How shall I know, you ask, whether I have donned this indestructible panoply or not? And I answer, by watching those who fall and those who stand. Look into common life and common things and learn a lesson. Is there any one more absurd than he who talks with giant superlatives about the wonders of mathematics, and like Hobbes, tries to square the circle, when a simple problem in arithmetic or algebra is beyond his power of solving? Who more ridiculous than he who prates of chemistry and never investigates its synthetic combinations? Who more laughable than the man that fools himself, in regard to biology or physiology or geology or astronomy or psychology—having shut his mind to all discovery, resting complacently on the data of the past. A teacher arises head and shoulders above the crowd that surrounds him, and rants in "highfalutin'" phrases and platitudes without self-evidence; drives home logic, based on a ridiculous hypothesis, or a self-asserted premise built from

no known fact. He is cased in an armor, and carries a shield "seven hides deep." His voice is loud and far reaching, his foxy eyes glance sideways, he shows his teeth, he strikes at hidden enemies, lurking in mid-heaven—demons of air and sunbeam; he piles climax upon climax, as he soars on the wings of speech; he manipulates words so shrewdly that he seems to his appalled disciples the very God. His tin helmet glitters, his "polished greaves" flash, his corslet throws fire. His great sword slung from his shoulder in full view, menaces and frightens. Altogether this teacher, with head and shoulders above the crowd, seems invincible; but let some one, no matter how humble, protected by a shield like that of Achilles, and armored by Vulcan, challenge him, dare him to enter the arena where dialectic wrangles are tolerated and truth brought to light, and he plays the role of martyr at once, and "dies the death." Why? Because the panoply of an Achilles is bright and on the shield all things in heaven above and earth below are as they are.

It is a bold revelation. The shield is a mirror that reflects the truth, not pleasant always, but nevertheless **truth**. It stands the test of the sharpest scrutiny and closest investigation. Microscopic and telescopic eyes but bring to clearer view its startling accuracies. He who dares to gird on such armor dares to face fact. It is not learning that entitles one to it, it is freedom from prejudice and a willingness to be a peer of the universe as it is, in all its myriad specializations and moods. He who lifts up a shield like that of Achilles is

without delusions, but has the open mind. He is **the** fighter, cutting his way through the resisting world by sheer force of truth. The gods are on his side—God. He may fall a thousand times, but no power can hold him down. His flashing shield mocks and blinds his enemy as does the full-orbed sun; its ocean waves of light engulf and disturb him; “The Pleiads and the Hyads and the might of huge Orion burn into his very soul,—its Discord, Tumult, ruthless Destiny make havoc of his life. The armor of the Gods has laid him low!

WEEDS.

My neighbor hails me and demands that I cut down my poplar trees—anger in his eye, scorn on his lip. Why? “Because they shed their leaves.” Have you ever been to France, I ask, or Italy? “No.” “Well, let me alone then, for what is Lombardy without its poplars, or what am I?”

This question of taste produces various effects, some good others bad. If all people admired the same type, all men’s wives would look alike, all husbands would be counterparts, there would be few marriages by the way, houses would be uniform, trees all of one species, cats all of one stripe. It is well then that men disagree in matters of taste, for the awful uniformity of material things bred from unanimous opinions in taste, would level the human mind to inane monotony—a sea without a wave, a desert without a hill. If I like sweet fennel and my neighbor prefers cat-tails, the stranger who passes, caring neither for my neighbor nor myself, is nevertheless charmed. But when a whole block of neighbors becomes enamored of one idea, and that idea is a shaved palm tree, I pity the stranger. To his untutored eye it would seem that a trade’s union painter had

varnished the whole lot of them, and if perchance he be an artist, I pity him yet more.

According to a great philosopher of the present era, humanity is forever seeking a moving equilibrium, whatever that may mean, and if this be so, it is also true that in seeking they continually bound back and forth between extremes. Through this tireless polarity we get diversity in taste, and from the **tout ensemble** of variety beauty shows her eyes. If, however, at any time nature's instinct to versatility is disturbed and the matter of uniformity is taken in hand by man, we get results to be sure, but such results! Gardens with flower-beds modeled on five-pointed stars, houses with wings exactly alike, chimney pots of the same height, gargoyles with the identical grin, wall paper repeating its pattern till the sick are made insane, carpets ditto, streets straight, hills leveled, valleys raised, ditches boxed, weeds annihilated — but, my subject is weeds.

The Century Dictionary defines weeds as those herbaceous plants which are useless and without beauty or especially those which are troublesome. It further says that the application of this general term is relative. Handsome plants, such as the oxeye daisy, cornflower, and the purple cowwheat, are weeds to the agriculturist, flowers to the esthetic. The exotics from cool countries are sometimes weeds in the tropics.

So then I will not allow my neighbor to condemn me for cultivating weeds, so long as I raise them on my own side of the fence. My eye simply

gloats on the cheap, sun-dreading morning-glory, a climber so beautifully wicked that it fears the full light of day, except perhaps in Egypt, where it dares the very noon itself. I gloat on its delicate diabolism, its deuced purple and white determination to strangle some useful plant, and have its early morning passions and presumptions in spite of the scowl next door. I gloat over my straggling democratic nasturtiums that claim prior right to all lands entailed or unentailed, wherever they can by squatting get a foot-hold, staying for five years or a hundred, proving possession in their case to be nine points of the law.

I admire the courage of weeds, their radical methods, their brass, nor do they bluff and blow without cause,—a veritable sprawl of beauty,—shocking to conservative plants, an almost shameless display of enticements that establish effects in “local color,” “bright patches,” etc., being amorously sought for by artists the world wide.

My neighbor objects to the falling of my poplar leaves, and denounces them as litter. True, they are a bit untidy, and lack the beauty of New England death in October when the frost has painted it until it becomes an illusion and seems like golden russet life. Between two evils which shall I choose? A cleanly disposed tree that deliberately changes its clothes once a year and airs itself naked in the meantime, or the evil of no magnificent stately poplar at all, a monotonous barrenness, a glare, a cement sidewalk, and a pair of dark goggles for my eyes. Which evil? Why the

waving stately evil of my trees, dead leaves and all, with the condemnation of those sun-shriveled neat neighbors of mine thrown in.

All weeds are not vegetable; some are human. They use us, of course—yes, even more, they make use of us, but how they blossom! A weedless world would be unnatural. If I may but serve as a prop for some morning-glory weed of a human, who greets the dawn with a smile, and defies heaven's blue with its esthetic tints, I may consider that I have a calling and election worthy of a prop at least.

WASTE PLACES.

How would it be, I wonder, if the "civil authorities" the country over should take it into their heads to seek out the vilest, most disreputable places and transform them into veritable heavens. How again if every householder should find the plague spot in his house or yard and make it a thing of beauty. "The desert were a paradise if—the rose might blossom there." The human race inclines greatly to improve the improved and to make more vile the thing already smirched. Like the kitchen-middens of prehistoric ages, a modern dumping pile is cumulative, an ash heap heterogeneous, and an alley promiscuous, all intensifying their characteristics with the passage of time.

Reformers there are and always have been, overthrowing kings, unseating senators, reorganizing communities, and improving religion, but where is he who is destined to dethrone the magnate squalor, and denude him of his rags. Suppose a people, say those of the United States, rose simultaneously with this idea, let us see how it would work. The "authorities" of each, finding their damnation spot some pest-breeding, germ-developing, bad-smelling locality, would proceed to turn

it into a miniature paradise, its very rottenness aiding them in the attempt, a kiosk or a classic structure (a place for lilies and roses). While the typical city is astonishing itself, the country also is repairing its apparently irreparable spots in its highways. Its most dilapidated bridge is exchanged for something ornate, and its pregnant beauties suffered to be born. Simultaneously with this good work the typical householder discovers that while his front yard boasts of a stereotyped beauty like that of his neighbor, having the trimmed lawn, the trimmed hedges and the trimmed trees, his can-adorned backyard is potential with an original beauty about which his neighbor has no concern. Why not make a mound of the old rags, old bottles and old shoes, cover it with dirt and plant vines there, sowing it thick with seeds? Why not, in this rubbish-strewn back yard, so mix its practical aspect with its natural intent that green beauty and floral voluptuousness shall intertwine and "straggle and draggle" their unified charm about in such free abandon that the householder shall find himself eating, smoking and reading there at all hours, lured more and more by its consummate fascination. Now, suppose that the well enough, the commonplace decencies that are neither beautiful nor ugly be let severely alone, and only the real vileness of the city, country and household be simultaneously attacked, what would be the result after the passage of a few months?

Not a house in the land would have a closet containing a hidden corruption compared with which

the traditional skeleton is white and clean, not a city with a sink of material iniquity, not an inhabited country spot made dangerous by unrighteous neglect. Suppose that the general uprising causing an almost fanatic attack on these physical evils should be accompanied by an equally insane desire for light, so that the darkest and most loathsome places should become as day, what then? Blind alleys would be illuminated from end to end, villainous resorts would glare with electric eyes, treacherous pitfalls would yawn beneath arc lamps, every cellar and every closet in every house would have a possibility of sudden illumination.

Who can deny that if such a peculiar idea were to suddenly strike the united population of some favored land, say, for instance, America, that the renovating instinct of making the last first, and the worst best, in the material sense, might not revolutionize the very race mind where the idea originated, inciting humanity to seek out its unseen waste places, its interior loathsomeness of which the extreme is symbolic, determining to transform its most hideous propensities into tendencies toward beauty supreme. This indeed would not alone be a transformation of locality, but one of energy also, turning hell into heaven, death to life.

THE WILD BEAST.

He climbs the highlands of old Turkestan,
And mid its ramparts dares the world and man;
Where trailing cedars and dwarfed willows
thrive—

Cold, shivering, hunted, he is yet alive.
Along the Hindoo Koosh he stalks and glides,
And beings human, by his stealth, derides.
He sniffs the salt air blown cross Persian skies,
And laps the water where the rivers rise.
Where roll and rumble the Blue Nile and White
He wanders boldly through the day and night,
And on the edge of Africa he stares
Back at the land where Freedom lives and dares.

O blessedness of clean Sahara air!

O purity of river springs and height!
Great wonder of the land of larches, where
The juniper and cedar seek the light;
Hot beauty of the haunts of the gazelle!
O'er Arab desert, where the antelope
Has wandered far, and felt the fawning spell
Of magic happiness and peace and hope;
Even where the poppy, saffron, madder, thrive,—
And almond trees sigh softly as they grow;
The leopard and the lion, fierce, alive,
Unrivaled, mid the sweating jungles go.

Alas wild beast! confined within his cage,
For scent of free, wide air he'll long and fret.
No man can break his will, nor quell his rage,
The pine and almond he remembers yet.
The lichens, larches, cedars sadly call,
And arctic splendors beckon him and gleam;
The shining sands, grim heights—ah! all
He lost in life, he lives again in dream.

That the wild beast is not tame is evident, but—what is a wild beast, and what a tame one?

A wild beast is defined as having many characteristics; he is bold, brave, self-willed, and lives in “a state of nature”—whatever that may mean. If he is “Nature’s own product,” she is certainly responsible for him, and judging by the flashing eye, superb teeth and glossy coat of a wild beast, she seems to be a pretty good mother. If, however, the wild beast is as self-willed as he is said to be, how does it happen that he is everlastingly tied to his mother Nature’s apron strings? Possibly Nature does the most for those of her creatures who “shift for themselves;” their very willful and free-lance tendencies making them true to her after all; for are not freedom, boldness and independence attributes of Nature’s great soul? And are not tame beasts simply travesties on her ultimate self? This being so, she lets their teeth decay, their claws grow dull, their coats become rusty, their eyes dim; in fact, they are mangy—servile, and lean for support on their captors and subduers. Alas! Nature repudiates them, and in “a state of culture”—spiritless, their glory de-

parted, they degenerate into useful creatures, pets and slaves.

I am not altogether defending the wild beast, or any living thing of earth, sea or air that is self-willed and independent. Self-will often runs into license, and that trait once manifested in any creature on the planet, he is set upon if possible and destroyed. But there is a self-will that is not license, and the majority of wild beasts possess it, with the exception, perhaps, of that wildest beast of all—man himself.

Jungle animals hunt and kill for food, and fight for stalking ground; but it is not evident that the majority of them slaughter for the fun of it, or to tone up their nervous systems, strengthen their lungs with deep breathing, or purify their blood and clarify their brains. Necessity and the pangs of hunger drive them forth to prey upon their victims, but surely not the romantic love of adventure for adventure's sake, nor a desire to collect specimens as proof positive of their prowess and sterling worth. They demand the right to life and freedom. A very humble demand after all, and no greater than that made by man, who screams at the top of his voice, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Of course, in the estimation of the ordinary individual, a beast or animal is not to be considered in the same category as man. The beast is in a class by himself, the machine class, or if not the machine class, in the created class, labeled and ticketed for a certain destiny which is that of slaving for humanity, or if not slaving, affording

mankind its chance of recreation in chase, capture and death, for the death's sake. God above—the **loving Father**—made these poor brutes, as a solace to man in his hours of ennui, a source of excitement and blood-letting pleasure. He, the loving Father, desired that man should feel the thrill of thrills, the ultimate supreme joy of hounding and stalking, and holding at bay some poor four-legged brute that had presumed to assert a little independence, and live in “a state of nature.”

I am not referring now to the right of mastery one creature has over another—man included—for an ultimate beneficial object, say that of self-protection or preservation, but to that assumption of right by which man preys upon other animals, possibly less beastly than himself, for **sport**.

Now the climax of this sport is reached at the time the hunted creature is caught and the killing takes place. At this supreme moment the hunter's reward is at hand. He thrills with his sense of power; his heart beats a tattoo in his breast; his blood mounts to his brain. His victim, whose love of freedom is paramount though his body writhes, is the exhibition upon which he gloats like a glutton. It is a voluptuous sensation—nothing in the line of nerve thrill quite equals it—and he thanks and thanks again his “loving Father” for bestowing upon him this supreme opportunity and capacity for revelling in this double extract of bliss. The “four-legged” brute had not sinned nor attacked him. He had been peaceably living his life, in his own free, independent way in a “state of

nature''. Perhaps I am wrong; possibly he **had sinned**. What more unforgivable than to dare to live thus? Only the **hunter** has the peremptory right of self-will; the hunted have but one object in being, and that object is to serve **their captor** and him only.

The beast is not the brother of man—no, no; humanity never evolved from debased specimens—never. Any theory like that of evolution that implies such possibilities is preposterous. Man and man only has rights! And the wild beast is retreating farther and farther back into the wilderness, where a human being can find no habitat. This intolerable, willful thing must be hunted out, killed, stuffed and set up in a museum. The naturalist needs him; the nature fakir must have him; schools and colleges cannot get on without him. Professors have a call to wrangle over him. He is altogether a necessity to modernism. Nimrod, the mighty hunter, must “get busy.”

So this wild splendor of a beast—the lion with a voice like thunder and a head like that of Olympian Zeus—eyes anxious and pathetic, staring over desert stretches for the sight of the enemy—ears listening for the report of the deadly rifle—nostrils moist and wide to catch the far scent of danger; this king of beasts, tawny like strained light—amber, golden, magnificent—stalking his own loved territory, guarding his mate and his cubs—is to die the death of shame, that man may taste a supreme sensation and gloat over a sanguineous bliss. Or if this king of wild beasts is taken alive, he serves as an object of curiosity

to crowds of sight-seers, who gaze amusedly at the caged creature walking back and forth behind the bars, restlessly doubling and turning himself or staring ahead as if seeing a mirage, dim and distant, of desert splendor and jungle beauty; his eye fixed on an apparent vacancy, which, to him, is filled with visions of other days when free, dominant, he guarded his prescribed domain and sneered at fate.

But the lion is not the only wild beast. Up where the Ganges rises, the splendid tiger cools his bright red tongue; haunting difficult places, the crystal springs of sacred waters are offered him for drink. Where the larch, lichen, trailing cedars, birch, pine and juniper grow rank, the sly fox hunts for shelter and a right of being. In the high plateaus and inaccessible mountains, the wolf, deer and wild goat, seek safety and a home. The gazelle, too,—free, shy and beautiful, with eyes like those of a woman in love, hides in unused places. The man-like chimpanzee and gorilla have taken up land far from human quarters; while the zebra, giraffe and elephant keep away from countries pre-empted by their enemies—man-kind. Even the small, dainty bits of “wild beasts” strive hard to find unassailable quarters and establish themselves for life. **But**, and **but** is sometimes a portentous word, the more difficult and inaccessible the stalking ground of the wild beast, the more anxious man becomes to drive him forth. No matter how safe **he** is from **their** attacks, they are **never** safe from his. He hunts the chamois for his skin, to be sure, also for sport

—and to get a constitutional. He shoots the deer for the antlers that adorn, later on, his hunting box; and the lion for his hide, to spread beneath “my lady’s feet.” Man seems to be incessantly tortured by the idea that these creatures defy him, so he pleads excuse after excuse for ousting and destroying them. He needs the exercise; his liver is lazy; he must have the hide, the horns are absolutely essential; life would be inane were he deprived of these gifts and privileges which his “Loving Father” has so beneficently bestowed.

So up where the lichen grows, on the great Siberian plain, he hurries armed and equipped. To the highlands of Turkestan and the Plateau of Thibet, he scrambles, panting, out of breath. To the desert of Iran he wends his way. To the source of the great rivers in the Himalayas he pushes. On the borders of Africa you see him, and in the Soudan, or penetrating Libya, and sniffing hungrily the keen air of the Sahara. He is afraid of nothing when “his blood is up,” and the hunter’s moon rises like a shield of gold from the waste land of earth. **He only** is entitled to freedom. Wild beasts who have pre-empted far quarters he has no use for; and though they severely let him alone, they must, nevertheless, be routed out, tortured and killed, that **his** supremacy may be assured—and his health and liver preserved.

Great God in Heaven! where in destiny is that mirage of a millenium, promised by one of old, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together

and cruelty and blood debauchery be consigned to perdition?

Of course, there **must** be killing on this old earth of ours. The "fittest" is bound to survive; for self-preservation and self-protection all living things are destroying and eating one another. But if through cruel necessity that condition must be, why add to it willful slaughter for sport, and the love of slaying for the slaying's sake?

I have heard that the sin of sins, the unforgivable transgression, is that against the Holy Ghost. What comes nearer being that deadly sin than the rampant orgy experienced by the human soul when it revels in brute killing, for the thrills it brings? The sin of the sportsman is not visited upon the victim, for he can die but once, but upon his **own soul**, which it eats and cankers. He brutalizes himself and those divine powers given him for celestial enjoyment. His bliss in his act of killing is Mephistophelian. Yet should this extreme view of the question be presented to him, he would laugh, and declare that his premise for life is quite different, and therefore he feels justified in his attitude toward the brute creation; in fact, these wild beasts were bestowed upon him as a gift by his "Loving Father" to do with as he wills, and therefore he has no apology to make here or hereafter.

MAN AND WOMAN, OR WOMAN AND MAN—WHICH?

I can imagine a composite man, made up of the characteristics of the different males of various countries to date, laying down the law to a composite woman who stands beside him. "I am the **one**," he says; "you, woman, are but an addendum — an afterthought. God made **me**, or I evolved, it does not matter which, and you came later at my desire, as a solace for my hours of ease. You were given into my hands to do with as I see fit, exactly as were the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea. Look at my brawn, my brain, my size—now what are you going to do about it?" And the "down-to-date" woman shrugs her shoulders and stares impudently into his eyes. "Never mind," he goes on, "you can sneer and rail and scoff, but before you begin, let me call your attention to some incontrovertible facts. See those pyramids defying time, monsters on the edge of Libya,—**I did that!** See the Sphinx and the mighty pillars of Thebes and Baalbec,—**I did that!** See those miracles of architecture in India, and those exquisite temples of Cathay and Japan,—**I did that!** Look at those black tunnels under mountain chains, those for-

tresses and castles; glance along the great wall of China,—**I did that!** Stare over the ocean and watch the craft as they come and go; the steamship, the white-winged sailboat. Gaze at the thousands of miles of steel rail, and the freight and palace cars, pulled by the iron horse, annihilating distance between seas—**I did that!** Behold the balloon and the airship mounting to the zenith; see the diving bell and the submarine boat descending to the depths—**I did that!** Notice carefully the lens of the telescope, how exquisitely it is ground, wooing the stars out of heaven by its clarity, fineness and power—**I did that!** Just examine this microscope, bringing new worlds to light and new possibilities to the fore; consider the revelations of the X-ray and the N; glance at your telephone, please, and the wireless,—**I did that!** Why, madam, the very garments you wear are the result of **my effort, mine**. Your furs, your shoes, your shoe-strings, those barbarisms on your headgear, are a gift from me. The gems on your fingers, the gold in your teeth, are due to my ingenuity,—**I did all that!** The house you live in, the bed you sleep on, the food you devour, the carriage you ride in—you have to thank **me** for—**me! me!** The really great pictures that your eyes gloat upon, a large proportion of the literature you read, the music that charms you, are due to **me.**”

“But you swear, sir,” interrupts the composite woman, shrugging her shoulders again; “you get drunk, sir, your mind is defiled, your thoughts are impure.”

“Drunk!” he sneers, “even you would indulge had you such a marvelous record over which to glory and boast. Now what have you to say about me—am I not master as well as man?”

The woman stares long in his eyes without quailing; indeed, the expression in her own is sneering and defiant.

“No one doubts that you manipulate matter very well,” she answers, with a drawl that carries in it a deal of contempt. “Your mind even is quite godlike; but how about yourself as such? You are ugly, straight, flat—the beauty of curves is not yours. You grow a coarse beard on your face; you are far from neat; you smoke a vile cigar, expectorate tobacco juice, and say vulgar and impossible things; you boast and brag and preach, but fail to practice; you fight and knock your enemy down. Altogether as a person, apart from your achievements, you are mostly contemptible. But **look at me**, how beautiful I am! Examine the texture and color of my skin; glance into my eyes and behold how my soul leaps through them; look at my rounded form, my delicate hands, tipped with rose-leaf nails; watch my dainty ways and note my disgust of filth and nasty speech. I am an interior being, the **mother** of you, the male. I do for you what no man can; I mould and form you for nine long months. My heart is all devotion. **I am very, very pure, finer grained** than you—a **superior** being! **You** cannot bring forth a child, how dare you, sir, present your mere mechanical contrivances and dead-weight monstrosities as in any way comparable

with that which **I** can do in actually producing an organized person, which is yourself—you! Yes, I am the mother of man, and that man you. The cause is certainly **equal** to the effect." She towers over him and struts slightly.

"Possibly," he answers, scowling. "You have materialized a Frankenstein in producing me. When you huddled my bones, muscles and skin together in a male form, how did you know but that this so-called masculine 'effect' of yours might strangle and murder you? What is to hinder me from annihilating you altogether? You are utterly in my power and at my mercy. I can make of you a beast of burden less valued than my horse or ox, I can force you to perpetual motherhood or perpetual degradation, I can lock you up and condemn you to ignorance—I can even make you **love me** and grovel at my feet!"

She shrugs her shoulders again; the composite woman has acquired this habit.

"True," she answers, "you can debase, debauch and imprison me, but should you wipe me off the face of the earth, you annihilate yourself also. And as for love, I may simulate it in order to preserve my life, but the real thing you can never **compel** me to give. Cupid will have none of you, you beast! Would you be loved you must give love in return; once feeling that emotion you cannot mistreat the object upon which you vent it. This question is self-settling, sir." She struts again, and defies him with her eyes.

"Love is a mere side issue," he asserts, snap-

pishly. "The grand passion is a disease; man gets over it after a time—then what?"

"You prove yourself a liar," she retorts; "for have you not called me 'the fairest,' have you not said that to be with me was like dwelling in an orchard of spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes? Have you not likened me to the 'lily among the thorns?' Have you not told me that I am as 'a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters'?"

The tears begin to flow from her eyes, and she bows her head. Then the composite man, dumbfounded, looks about him for a place of egress. He can fight her to the point of hatred, but when she weeps, he is beside himself. Right here there appears a sage upon the scene. He is not a typical "wise man," aged, bearded and on the verge of senility. On the contrary, he is erect and in his prime, with eyes quick-moving and temperate. His bearing expresses power without bombast—authority without assumption. He steps between this man and woman and looks them in the eyes.

"Why such distress and misunderstanding?" he asks. "What is it all about?"

"You are a philosopher," blurts the man; "you ought to know."

"Sit down and let us discuss this matter," insists the sage. "You are both aggressive, and there is danger of a quarrel."

"Yes, and of a divorce," remarks the composite woman.

"Impossible," asserts the philosopher. "The

negative and positive can never get rid of each other; so let me see if the harmony necessary to amicable relations between you two can be discovered. For the sake of politeness and the privileges supposed to be her due, I will begin with this woman's assumptions."

"But I do not want any privileges," she asserts, hotly; "justice is all I ask!"

"Very well, then. First, you make claim to superior beauty. As a man thinketh, so is he, and I presume this rule applies to woman also. Therefore, as you are quite assured that you are more beautiful than man, your certainty counts for something. Besides, man in his passion has filled your soul with this idea, using flattery as a means to obtain his desires, and you in your credulity believed him; indeed, for the time being he was honest, for while his passion lasted your fascinations were certainly genuine. Therefore, you have reason for your assumption of beauty. But, remember, it is the jack-o'-lantern of the mating season appearing and vanishing on the wings of sex emotion."

"Next you assert your purity as evidence of your superiority over man. Now, my dear mother of man, remember that being a composite, you are made up of the traits of saint and sinner; in you are the fires of the courtesan and the religious devotee, the woman of the brothel and the nun of the cloister. Do not imagine that torpid physical conditions stand for innocence nor ignorance. Purity is fire blazing in high places; purity is not atrophy; purity is temptation resisted, not the

lack of temptation. More negative than your enemy, the male, you may or may not be more pure. So please lay no stress upon your superiority on that score. But your claim for a higher place in the universe than belongs to your opposite, is because you have given him birth after forming and nourishing him; and this assumption is certainly worth looking into. In fact, had you in reality created him, you might well rest on the apex of achievement. But there is nothing to prove in science, to date, that you did more in the nine months that you mothered him, than to help him clothe himself in a body of flesh. There is nothing to prove that he is not an eternal being making use of you temporarily as a means toward reincarnation. I do not assert that this is so; I simply challenge you to prove the contrary. One thing, however, you may be sure of—you can do something that he cannot; that is, mother the child within the zone of your own body.”

“Now let me look into his side of the question, and see if he can make his egoistic claims good. You Twentieth Century composite man! Point with just pride at your great achievements which certainly are gigantic, but I see no reason why they might not have been done by woman, minus the maternal capacity. Woman seems to be you with something added, namely, maternity, which addition amounts to a subtraction, as a certain proportion of her years and strength goes toward the exercise of this extra faculty. Now suppose the world of women ceased to exercise this latter

prerogative, except in a certain number of selected cases set apart for the reproduction of the human race, and spent a century or more in developing brain and muscle equally with man. Is there anything to prove that she would fall behind him in the arts, sciences, or physical achievements? If history or legend have a base of truth, there have been times when women, the Amazons, for instance, were capable of herculean attainments; and the sporadic cases all through history show that she has possibilities in her of producing masterpieces under unusual conditions. The exceptional women of all ages prove what the general level might be under favorable environment. So, my vain composite man, when crowing over your material achievements, remember that woman, taking advantage of the higher education, attending colleges and remaining unmarried until far advanced in youth, reduces her child-bearing period to fifteen or twenty years. This, with the fact that her knowledge of hygienics and physical culture, will probably greatly prolong her life, gives her in a period of, say eighty years, sixty or more for other work than that of procreation. Now there is no telling what splendid achievements she may be equal to in this half century or more, when her education shall have so advanced as to act as a stimulant to her creative powers. The fainting, clinging, uneducated, much-married woman is out of fashion. The time she once spent in making a patch-work quilt is now devoted to study or athletics, and in a few decades a quite different feminine specimen will

walk the earth from her who lives and moves today.

“But, setting all this aside, from whatever standpoint you judge, remember that mathematically speaking, woman plus maternity, minus the strength and time lost through it, equals you with your unadulterated aptitude for mechanical and intellectual achievement. Remember, too, that your power over her body, enabling you to imprison or debauch it, is fully balanced by her power over your very physical existence itself; or if not over your physical existence, at least over what sort of life and body you shall have.

So you two imperishable, opposite poles of the same thing—man and woman—standing for the negative and positive in being or the inner and outer, forget not that this is after all but a sex relationship, and that each of you beyond and above your gender is an **individual**, destined to manifest in a million forms during an eternity of being. Once believing this, for the sake of peace, I pray you, cease your boasting and your wrangling as to which is higher or lower or first or last; and see that one of you is in no way superior as an entity to the other, and that in the long run and general round up you stand shoulder to shoulder, the brand burnt into you both being the **mark human** and therefore good!”

CHEAP VERBIAGE.

It is the easiest thing imaginable to call names; a street ruffian is quite equal to it, to say nothing of a child; therefore when a college professor pronounces women savages, and a minister of the gospel declares that men are beasts, the appellations pass for face value and nothing more. The word "fool" hissed at another may set the calumniator burning in everlasting fires, or producing but a flash go out like a firecracker. It is quite easy to say things, but often exceedingly difficult to verify them and stand by results. Even my so-called proofs may rest on a faulty premise, and therefore have no effect save that of kindling flames of indignation wherever the sparks of my ill-sorted words hit. Seeing but the outer appearance of Mr. Innocence, I may pronounce him a heartless iceberg; could I get into the recesses of his divine soul, I should possibly discover a seething volcano. It is rather daring to dabble in strong terms as regards the inaccessible. If I know a thing thoroughly I am justified in denouncing or applauding it in sharp language. I may pick it up with a pointed stick of a word and transfix it for the world to stare at, but before I

presume on anything so radical I would better be sure of myself and the **thing** that I have in hand.

The cheapness of language and the richness of vocabulary impel the sage to be laconic. Pedantry he despises, sentimentality he avoids, bullet-words fired from the throat of a street Apache are to him a horror. So being entirely wise, he rarely calls names, and seldom uses reviling terms. Seldom, I say, for sometimes he makes exceptions and pronounces an anathema more terrible than the ecclesiastical curse, because in the heart of it sits truth, virgin and enshrined.

Truth then is the only excuse for calling names—truth absolute and relative, truth unassailable and beyond question. It is easy to see how rarely a strong term can honestly be used, and why the wise of earth though speaking with authority avoid exaggeration. The chances are that strings of names applied indiscriminately to some object are like a glaring advertisement spread upon its windows as “a send-off” to the poster himself. He sees no other way of getting famous; or lacking mental fibre he perhaps attempts to “kill two birds with one stone,”—the winged abstraction and the soaring individual exalted by it. Inflated by egotism he thinks he has them down, but more likely he himself is prone and they untouched fly on. The man, whether a teacher or peacher, who calls such names as “ninny,” “beast,” “savage,” “consummate fool,” etc. has some motive or other. Probably he seeks self-aggrandizement through a cheap method of advertising; if not that, he is likely after revenge, hoping to down his enemy

with his slanderous tongue. Possibly he is justified, and pronounces a maranatha that "rings true" and final. Whatever his reason, he is on fighting ground and can never stand against return attack unless armed with good weapons and trained to the firing line.

THE THOUGHTS THAT KILL.

Thought is said to be dynamic, but what does the term dynamic mean? Does it pertain to mechanical forces not in equilibrium, or in equilibrium? According to the authorities, it always involves the consideration of force and therefore motion. It is a vague word, applied indiscriminately to religion, philosophy and morals. The nearest we can come to accuracy in defining it is to call dynamics the mathematics of force and the science of motion. Now is thought dynamic, that is, can we call it an equilibrated or unequilibrated force? Does it move? Can it be reckoned with mathematically? If so, do we realize what a power thought is? Thought, mind you, is not speech, for the latter in expressing it is likely to weaken its projectile power.

I want in this paper to consider thought as such, quite apart from its written or spoken symbolisms. The whole world is thinking and that means, if our hypothesis be correct, that thought has its element of force in motion; that a terrific impact of energy is bombarding us at all times, night and day, giving us shock upon shock, the source of which is beyond our ken. Put squarely, this is an awful assumption, and it is a wonder that we

can stand before it and persist in maintaining our individuality. The unseen world is a fearful battle ground, where thought unshielded crashes upon thought,—force meeting force with diabolic persistence, idea embracing idea in the clutch of marriage or death, energies defying energies with devilish mathematical certainty, dynamics ruling fate and humbling individualism to its knees. I can think and so can you, and that is what is the matter. Animals, too, whether reasoners or not, can cogitate and mingle in this hideous contest indiscriminately. Thought is like lightning in the way it strikes. Whence it comes, whither it goes, how or whom it will hit, is beyond the common herd to ascertain, and our only defense is in striking back with the same kind of projectile energy that has proved itself antagonistic.

Before going further in this investigation I propose to find a definition for thought and another for reason; peering at the same time into the animal's mind to discover where to place him in this battle ground of dynamics.

First, then, what is thought? The act of thinking might be simply defined as consciousness of certain phenomena belonging together, suggested primarily by the senses, but held intact inwardly till they develop into a motion true to itself throughout; one that can be revived at any time as a whole, standing apart, defiant of other motions. In thinking, we get a suggestion from outside, and about it we weave a series of judgments, comparing it with other notions heretofore conceived. In a sense, thought contains some

small percentage of reasoning, though the reasoner himself may be quite unaware that his mind has a logical tendency. Thought involves within itself the elements of doubt, purpose and will. Thought lies within thought, that is, a simple notion may be reflected upon until it becomes more and more subtle and complex, far removed from the original concept, yielding in a sort of last analysis the very texture and mathematics of thinking itself.

Now what is reason? Reason seems to be a form of reckoning or summing up of notions,—a finding of relationships between them; it amounts to an emphatic judgment, and results in decision or action. Thought pure and simple seems less purposeful, it is contemplative and meditative, but when it culminates in decision, it were better called reason, and is generally borne out by a line of conduct. Reason being a just relationship of facts, from the generalized point of view becomes a kind of universal intelligence, a recognized logic of events, and sequence of particulars bound to be, because of the law of relativity or cause and effect. From this definition of reason, animals are certainly reasonable, though some enthusiasts on comparative animal psychology claim to the contrary. What animals are or are not in the thinking world depends upon how thought and reason are defined. Given a major premise in logic and the minor premise deduced is the reason—perhaps this explanation will decide whether the beast uses reason or not. **How** do we deduce a minor premise from a major except through inference based on experience? The first or major premise

is an accepted fact or axiom because of experience, and the minor has its normal relationship as a legitimate and reasonable successor. Do animals fail to recognize the universal truth of a major premise, whatever it may be, and find out by a series of experiments the validity of the minor? This is the question under fire today, and from its present state might be answered either way. Man, however, most assuredly reasons logically, by the nature of mind itself, and this reason which includes innumerable **reasons**, while it necessitates thought, can hardly be defined as such. All brainy creatures think more or less, that is, they are teeming with opinions, ideas and beliefs, and of course this thinking is reasonable or unreasonable, as the case may be based on, or devoid of facts. Thought can be listed and registered—fact related logically to fact, or it may be a loose array of notions, ideas and dreams, backed by terrific energy that gives it dynamic potency without an element of sequence or truth to justify its being. Thought, then, unbalanced by the element of reason, and active with force, is dangerous, and more likely than not will maim or kill. Now in the finality we do not know what force is, nor the reason for thought and consciousness. Secondly, however, we understand the working of the laws by which consciousness and thought become possible, also the essentials that go to make up reason and all that pertains thereto. We know that no thought can be without an expense of energy, and therefore the assumption is not preposterous when we infer that thought

is dynamic. We know also that all thought takes form and symbolizes itself in some sort of figure, expressing itself internally in the same dimensions and outlines that exterior objects assume; therefore it is not too great an assumption to claim that thoughts are things.

Presuming then that thoughts are dynamic, to an extent unreasonable, and also things, if our hypothesis be tenable, we can readily see what a terrible means of destruction they might become under favoring conditions. Bombarded by the thoughts of others we certainly are, though perhaps in a haphazard way; now imagine such a bombardment done with deliberate intention by some individual who has a special object to gain. Sent directly to its mark, the unconscious recipient of this fusilade or dynamic discharge that is freighted with suggestions diabolic and damning, must in course of time succumb to the malignant attack. Unless put upon the defensive he will be as literally murdered by outer suggestions as though he were battered down with a ram.

All this seems quite possible if thoughts are dynamic things projected by will at an unprotected object. What is to be done about it, you ask, if such an assumption is proven to be fact? As fire is the remedy for fire, so thought must fight thought, or rather negative it. Suppose I send thoughts malignant with hatred, like whizzing bullets straight at a man's soul, and suppose, too, that they glance off that soul and have no effect—why? Simply because he has shielded himself with “dynamic things” of his own. The

mathematics of energy has been reckoned on in his case; forms of his own conception are giants that stand guard, panoplied and immune. His "thought forms" are resistive Titans, and from their gleaming shields the darts of the enemy fall harmless. Even a rushing onslaught of those evil demons, themselves fighting tooth and nail with his own strong phalanx, are unable to throw it down.

Man then can "think off" the thoughts of others and stand comparatively aloof, or unguarded he may become a clear-cut target for intentional or unintentional attacks. He lives in a veritable chaos of thought forms, dynamic and mathematically forceful, nevertheless is safe and protected by a reasoning power of his own without which he would be thrown down and destroyed. What then are the thoughts that kill another who sets up no defense and is utterly unprepared for attack?

Suppose, for instance, that I deliberately direct my thinking powers toward the belittling and disgrace of an apparent friend. I depreciate him mentally, night and day; I think of him as degenerate, small, mean; I condemn him constantly and despise him without mercy—subtly, silently, I bombard him with ideas of contempt, never for an instant qualifying my condemnations with a grain of charity. In time somehow, without knowing why, he will begin to lose his self-respect, to see himself with my eyes, to judge himself with my mind. Feeling himself contemptible, he will begin to act the part, and his downward course

once begun, he will lose no time in striking bottom,—a victim of my murderous energy directed with forethought at the very foundation of his honor and uprightness; worse, I remain unhung, unpunished, as far as the world goes, while he is denied a burying spot in a decent graveyard, or a single excuse for his degenerate conduct.

The deadly danger of my act lies in its secrecy. I deliberately set about to exert my power, holding my tongue speechless, that the potency of my devilish spell may be more pronounced. I am not the slanderer nor backbiter, nor the gossip, not at all; on the contrary, I preserve a “golden silence,” and utterly mislead my companions as to the quiet diabolism of my deed. Of course, there will be a round-up and I shall get my deserts and the brand of my kind stamped in, but in the meantime I go about my daily tasks a smiling good fellow, approved of and applauded by the world at large.

Murderers are more common than we think, and the slain by unknown causes that mystify the coroner are being shoveled under ground every day of our lives.

FOOD.

Alcohol is not food; alcohol is a stimulant. Food is a builder, and in process of combustion adds something besides a temporary exhilaration to the blood. Food contains within itself the necessary elements for the reconstruction of the body. Alcohol, on the contrary, is destructive, and by its over excitation of the cells and organs produces reactions that are distinctly injurious. All stimulants deal more or less in this way, but alcohol in any form is the king of destroyers. He who cheats himself with the idea that alcohol is an emergency-aid to digestion, a food by proxy, so to speak, is entertaining a fiend in the mask of a priest. Alcohol comes graciously into the system, soothing or exhilarating it as the case may be, and he who imbibes it feels, for the time being, as though a hooded monk were blessing him with the sacrament. All sweet and good things uplift themselves in his mind; he loves his friends more tenderly, he **thinks** more clearly, his heart and mind go out to every living thing in sympathy; his ambition swells to bursting, he longs for world upon world to conquer—even the stars;—the Priest of all good is showering blessings on his head. Ah! suddenly, without warning,

the aspect of this Bonze, called of God, becomes malignant and the victim of his machinations finds himself slightly incoherent in his thought. His ideas, so clear a moment before, fail to co-ordinate; the love so welling and deep an instant ago turns to jealousy and suspicion. What has happened to him? He has been tipping, that is all. Tired with work he slipped off into the country or up to the mountain top, and drank a few glasses of beer "in order to build himself up," tone his nerves and make him "good and ready" for another battle with life. He imagines his food will assimilate better if he adds alcohol to the combination; in fact, he imagines all sorts of things just because he wants to find an **excuse** for indulging a bad habit.

Now food pure and simple is stimulating also, but it is the natural exultant uplift of a real climb, there is nothing fictitious about the rise. On a well-digested, assimilated meal, a man does not mentally ascend to the heights of heart and intellect in a balloon that bursts in mid-air and drops him ignominiously to earth. The stimulation of food is normal; in fact, the pleasure resultant is an index of work well done. A true addition has been made in the bank of man's physical being; there is something to show for it. The figures in his book of accounts stand for substantials. He commands something better than credit; he has product instead.

Now there are stimulants so mildly gentle in their reactions that their effect is practically harmless and the pleasure they give justifies their

moderate use. But once and for all, let me say to you that alcohol is **not** one of them. "**Danger! poison!**" should be written on every bottle. "Handle with care" is not sufficient. Only a physician in case of great emergency is able to do even that.

How beautifully alcohol flashes in the light! Amber, old rose, silver, all the gems sparkling in liquid splendor in its drops. The sun turns them to diamonds, the moon to opals. Alas, it is enticing,—like a courtesan! To mingle in it, to be one with it, is what you crave and anticipate. It has excited your appetite—and so does food, you say. Yes, but with a difference. Unless you are famished, starving, your normal hunger is a sane, reasonable desire to put something adaptable into your body in the place of that used up. It is a simple restoration accompanied by a temperate craving. But when the longing seizes you for stimulant, it is apt to become frantic. If you cannot satisfy it openly, you will take devious ways to gratify it. It is the lust of the palate, the throat, the stomach, the whole being. Food soon satisfies a healthy appetite, but the craving for alcohol is insatiable. As a rule, the more you have, the more you want, and although you pamper and indulge this longing, like an evil woman, it "turns and rends you".

I have thus far been speaking of food as such in a generalized sense, and by using the word food I have absolutely covered the question. For food is food, that is, a body builder, and anything that fails to do this, be it bread, meat, vegetable

or fruit, is not food at all. I may eat a hearty meal of wholesome material, and it may make me desperately sick; it was not food for me. Food comprises two factors, the substance and the recipient. Two essentials are necessary that food may deserve its appellation, namely, raw material and a good digestive organism. You may haul lumber to a vacant lot, but if the master carpenter and his assistants are not on hand the structure will fail to rise. So grain, meat, vegetables and fruit become food at just that point where they are assimilated and turned into building material for body. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is true of food, but not of such a commodity as alcohol. It has essentially, as far as body is concerned, one element, namely, that of rabid stimulation, and is without exception **every** man's poison. True, this power of quick stimulation may under dire extremity act as a rebuff to death, warding it off till other factors can get to work; but outside this possibility it has no excuse for being, either in medicine or the pleasurable physical life of man. Extreme cases, such as a terrible accident, or absolute heart failure, are like those others where ether and chloroform are indispensable in hospital operations; they are exceedingly rare, and do not come under the head of our ordinary experiences in life.

There are food cranks who lay down explicit rules as to what a man shall or shall not eat. There are others again who preach hygienic conditions of body and let the food question take its

own gait. Of course, there are well-known food-stuffs, without which man could not subsist, and he in his enthusiasm for them forgets that without a good stomach they are practically useless. An individual writes books and books on the value of wheat, and another publishes pamphlets on how to develop and maintain class A digestive organs. I am quite certain that he who has acquired the latter will take no issue with the author on the food values in wheat.

Food, as I said before, is only such under conditions, namely, a good builder and something to build with. Now a person might as well put rocks into his stomach as grain, if it is cancerous or burning with inflammation. Whatever is there will "lie like a stone"—even wheat.

Fasting has been and still is, among religious bodies, a great remedy, where the man is incapable of making food for himself. If he would go off when he is "run down" to some high mountain or near the sea, or onto the great plain, and instead of slyly or perhaps conscientiously taking stimulant, **fast**, he would be astonished at the result. This fasting need never be absurdly done, he simply reduces his food substance to minimum, giving the overstocked body, loaded with material **not** food, a chance to free itself.

Food is a valuable commodity. Much that is taken in at the mouth is incapable of being made, through the chemical processes going on in the digestive organs, into food at all. Once in a man it proceeds to clog and incapacitate him, and fasting is his best method of getting rid of it. Jesus

came "eating and drinking"; he also came "fasting and praying." The whole food secret lies in the assimilation of the products used for the support of life, and the demon to be conquered every time is that one called "over supply," which is greater than the demand. The palate is a mischievous thing. Its primal object no doubt was to seduce men into eating, but its seductiveness overreached itself and set the human being to gorging and imbibing.

I began this paper with a reference to alcohol as **not food**, believing that by showing the eccentricities of the abnormal the normal might appear more distinctly, also to flatly contradict a number of savants who claim that alcohol is food. All that I ask, in order to controvert their position, is a thorough investigation of facts as to the action of alcohol and its destructive quality. Let biology, physiology, pathology, make some strictly honest experiments and gather in data unbiased as to their desires on the subject, and I have no fear but my position will stand.

There are other non-food stimulants used quite largely, but as alcohol is consumed inordinately in comparison with them, I use that as my leading example. Remembering that products are not food until they are accepted and chemicalized by the digestive organs, we shall be astonished at the different substances men devour, according to the locality and climate where they live. The blubber of whale, that would make a person of the temperate zone deathly sick, is quite the real food for the Esquimaux. Curry and rice suit

the East Indian, and maize the New Englander. Rats, bugs and snakes nourish certain human beings as surely as ice cream "tones up" a chorus girl. Climate and locality are tremendous factors in the question of food. So also is social intercourse. A dinner eaten alone may go undigested and undeveloped into nourishment; in company, however, the same "food-stuff" may build a man up and give him a day's outing. Certain states of mind, when eating, help a person wonderfully in the process of digestion. Certain other states retard that process and turn his "meal" into poison. It is evident, then, that to be a food-maker one should discover in what mood he best digests his "good square meal." This is as vitally important a problem as that about the substance out of which that same square meal is composed. There is no doubt that certain longings for special things have meaning and are indicators of what is really good for a human being to eat and drink. These longings can be easily distinguished from the cravings arising from a fixed bad habit. The normal desire for the right thing out of which to make food does not stay with one, as a rule, after the craving has been gratified. One gets enough shortly of that which he wants, the chemical demand has been satisfied and the desire leaves him. I am not speaking now of the lust of the palate, but a cry of the whole body, for some special thing, like acid, water, salt, sugar. If people would watch the inner workings of their physical being more scientifically, they would shortly learn its language and be able to make

good food for themselves out of the products in hand. In manufacturing food they incidentally develop rich blood, which, rushing through the veins and arteries, distributes the products and clears up the by-products all along the line.

In closing I wish again to emphasize the truth that alcohol and other stimulants pure and simple are **not** food, but that this all important substance is a subtly made product developed in the human body from whatever it **can** assimilate and use. There is no use in laying down fixed rules as to what a man shall eat. But that same man, nevertheless, should find out for himself by watching his own powers in digestion, not with the naked eye, by the cruel method of animal vivisection, but by logical conclusions drawn from his own conscious experience as to how successfully or otherwise the manufacturer within him is working out the problem. Is the skin of a man clear, are his eyes bright, is he hungry normally and periodically? Does he forget his meal after he has eaten it? Are the economics of his system up to par? Do the supply and demand balance? Does he hold his weight, is he strong, fully alive and ready to battle with difficulty? Is the sense of humor tingling within him—does he love to play, does he love to work? Is he defiant of death? Does he believe himself immortal, is he “dead sure” of heaven and doubtful about hell? Are angels quite possible and devils a toper’s dream? Then “for certain” he is a food maker, and consequently a being of power.

THE VALUE OF THE IMAGINATION IN LIFE.

The image is not the ultimate or primal energy which expresses through it. Symbols in the mind are apparently the means by which this same energy becomes self-conscious. Furthermore, these inner forms, ranging from pictures to letters and letters to words and figures, are invariably patterned on an outside standard or objects discovered by the physical senses. What then is imagination? Imagination is the inner visualizing, symbolizing power absolutely coexistent with thought and feeling in the self-conscious mind. A man could not think coherently for an instant without this faculty of **forming** his thought. He may possibly be aware of uplifting or depressing moods, attractions and repulsions, without wording or imagining them except in a vague way; but true thinking necessitates words or pictures in which to clothe it, and this is supplied by the imagination.

You can see at once then of what value the imagination is in life, and how impossible it would be to get on with ourselves and our fellows without it. Form is one of the first factors in thought and comprehension; specialization into

things necessitates form and consequently the variety which makes an individual life a possibility.

There is no absolute uniformity anywhere; no two forms are exactly alike; their chief bond of relationship lies in the fact of form itself, as distinguished from the formless. Law, for instance, is formless, yet would be a void or nothing without form. There is an inherent principle of form itself which is the one and only unifying tie that unites the multiplicity of diversified forms. Any person or animal that thinks at all has a dim or distinct recognition of this principle of individuality and form. Now the difference between living creatures in regard to this inner visualizing, form-making power, lies in its clear-cut intensity. An artist with transcendent power will remember with almost mathematical accuracy the shapes of animals, birds, people and types, though the exterior model be absent. Once having seen some special form that really attracted his undivided attention, he carries the true outline of it in his brain and can reproduce it with brush or pencil at will. Another person without this perfect visualizing faculty will have but a vague recollection of the accurate shape and postures of, say a cat, dog or horse, and needs must have the living, breathing model before his physical eyes in order to make a picture of it. Why? Because, as I said before, our inner shapes are stolen from outside, and he that can best concentrate on "outsideness" is the one who carries the accurate image within; that is, he can visualize and his dreams are peo-

pled with such vitalized realities that they become when his eyes are shut a horror or a joy.

In the power to concentrate lies the open secret of what men call a wonderful imagination. I will not say that memory is another factor, because the power to concentrate **includes** the power to remember. Concentration is the open secret of good memory also. By concentration I mean using energy toward obtaining an outer picture to hang on the inner wall of mind. I get it anyhow "by hook or crook"; I will have it; if not honestly, then dishonestly; if not honorably from conventional standpoint, then dishonorably. It is mine because I have set my heart upon it; that is, I am emotionally bewitched after it—passionately craving it. I bore it with eyes; I pierce through and through it; I feel it with the tentacles of my brain; I hear it with my inner ears, and catch its rankness or its perfume. I am enraptured, enamored and **horribly** in love with it; my full being is reaching out toward it, my utter soul is fixed upon it. This is **concentration**—imagination. How many of us I wonder are equal to such frenzy? Yet without this intense emotion of concentration, this passionate clutching and mental grappling with the thing desired, we are not artists and in ordinary parlance have no imagination. Perhaps I should qualify this. All living creatures have the image making power, but only a few possess a rich and powerful imagination.

The law cannot be laid down too strenuously, that unless you can **concentrate** you cannot create for yourselves "mansions in Heaven." That

inner world of yours will be peopled with ghosts rather than with vitalized, dominating beings.

Imagination in life has its fixed values. First and foremost, you have imagination or you could not go on as an individual. So primarily its use is to permit you the right of special entity, as so and so—cat, dog, horse, cow, man. You have parcelled yourself off, and if one person you are certainly not another. You have sufficient form-making power to distinguish thing from thing, and to deal with life in terms of specialization. Particulars have worth to you in proportion to the assets of your imagination. Therefore the first value placed upon the image-making power is the possibility through it of life itself. Right at this point a great gulf is fixed between the genius and the common man. By a genius I mean one who can concentrate persistently and therefore visualize and, necessarily, remember; one that uses energy greedily, emotionally, intellectually, and brings the outside world inside his mentality, thrusting it forth again under the guise of revivification and therefore creation. Between this genius and the common unimaginative man, as I before said, is a great gulf fixed but certainly not one impassable. It is a daring, difficult thing to try to cross it, but if one can endure the nervous shock of depth and darkness, isolation and stillness, almost utter blankness, he may get over. The outside is not easily stolen and transferred to the inside and retained there in clear-cut form. The brigand who dares the attempt is bound to risk something and pay an exorbitant figure in

the act of readjustment. Often his very sanity goes in with the bargain—his friends, his reputation, his conscience, his health. For a man to steal the face of a friend, loot vast stretches of landscape, capture the **real** water of a sea, the genuine blue of a sky, the actual atmosphere in toto, the innermost “feel” of things—this wholesale, almost diabolic appropriation, this utter, divine greed, is well nigh ruinous to his mental balance. He pays an enormous price for paradise—and sometimes he gets it.

When as an artist you go after the soul of an object and ravish it and bring it home into your brain, you take your chances. Possibly you have wedded Eve before the fall—possibly after. The serpent may have seduced her, and her progeny may be—“well, never mind!”—you, the genius, have played with fire, and possibly are burned.

But it is characteristic of him whose imagination is intensive and creative power virile, that with all its beauty, horror, delight and suffering, he prefers his live, energized world to the mere dead level mirage that constitutes the dream land of the ordinary individual. Yet the value of his imagination in life is somewhat the same after all as is that of the clod.

As the commonest individual existence hinges on the image-making power, so the uncommon life of the great visualist depends on the fullness of this gift. He is rich, to be sure, but his coin is from the same mint as that of the poor. Added to this he has stocks and bonds, houses and lands, principalities, servants, slaves; a harem of beauty,

and alas, dungeons, sewers, underground passages, debris, dirt, grime. Nevertheless, he is rich. Like old Stamboul, his minarets, domes and mosques tower over his squalid streets, and for every barking cur in the alleys of his mind the caïque floats in and out on the Bosphorus of his soul; for every leprous native of his squalid land of dreams a ship glides round the waters of a mystic Golden Horn. The word value as applied to his exuberant imagination might better be changed to values. He may be a "poor devil" of an artist, a down-at-the-heel dreamer, without a dime or a bank book, but he is a producer for all that. No imagination is truly such that fails to create, that is, gives forth again. That which was purloined sees daylight once more as a new thing, touched up by the thief with the divine afflatus of himself.

There is no pronounced, unusual merit in a celibate or impotent imagination. A brain stuffed full with images that cannot get out is a crazy brain. The divine imagination ceases to be such without breathing room and co-ordination, and becomes instead a hell, alive with monstrous forms that in their struggle with each other melt to formlessness and resolve at last into blank vacuity before the horrified eyes of their creator.

The real visualist, the true magician, is inevitably a creator. The only newness that he gives the world is the inevitable stamp of himself as himself on all that he brings forth. He has ravished the soul out of the object he abducted, and welded it onto his own in a passion of heat

that must of necessity bring forth results. These results burst the shell of his brain, stimulate his fingers, his eyes, his voice, and lo! the outer world realizes a new and wonderful thing,—a great picture, a great poem, a great song. The equation is struck, the thief has squared accounts, the price has been paid. A Christ is born, a miracle is performed, and God is justified.

ESSENTIALS OF A PHILOSOPHIC LIFE.

First and foremost, reticency or a cautious tongue is essential in philosophy. The preachy, proselyting person is rarely the philosopher. The man with the "gift of talk," fond of poses, is seldom inherently a sage. A real philosopher often has disciples who are drawn to him by a certain mental gravitation. He is harboring a jewel, and the flash of it they are determined to set eyes on. Or perhaps he has secreted a key in some hidden pocket of himself which a sly thief is bound to pick. Possibly he has a solvent for life's woes, a balm for its wounds, and certain injured persons are determined to get the recipe. Maybe under the moon he gathers herbs and becomes to the eyes of curiosity a medical Paracelsus in search of life's elixir. Anyhow there is something concealed in the true philosopher that nevertheless reveals itself in a form of power which excites the emulation of those who hang upon his skirts. "He's got something," they say; "yes, he has truly got something." There is nothing quite so exasperating to another as the fellow who "has got something." What that

“something” is they have no idea, but it is “something,” and they want “one just like it.”

When a man has really and truly “got something” that others hound him for, he is probably a philosopher. Certainly he has one of the philosophic essentials, and that is reticence. Look back in history and you will find that the great teachers were often hermetic, giving out or withholding as judgment dictated. I do not imagine Socrates announced himself with bell-ringing, like a fruit peddler. In his rank earnestness he was often loquacious and a great talker, but that was because he was in love with his subject and not with himself. The pretender to the throne of philosophy is most assuredly in love with himself. Kant rarely left Königsberg, though his fame spread from the Baltic to the far West. Though self-assured and positive, he knew how to hold his tongue. Schopenhauer found life so “ticklish” that he brooded over it like a hawk. Sarcastic as a parrot, he was nevertheless more like an owl, and when he fully committed himself he certainly had something to say. Spencer was a man of words and reiterations, but every sentence had intrinsic value, and his verbosity was a mighty wedge that split and disorganized old conditions. He was sufficiently reticent to keep himself to himself and talk from principles and data rather than personalisms. Jesus was a very well of secrets, giving cautiously his great formulas, often veiling them in parable, using the fad of His time, the fable, as a shell for His kernel of truth. Gautama gave out to the ignorant class a

Hinayana philosophy of many rules and mandates, holding in reserve the mighty "Mahayana" for him only who could understand. As with Jesus, so with the Buddha; the eyes and ears of their disciples made all the difference.

Now let us see how a pretender in philosophy manages. The sun heralds himself with the virgin dawn, but the fakir carries before him a shield of blazing brass and announces his arrival with a "tom-tom." "I am coming, I have arrived," he says; "I'm as secret as the grave. I've got something, too. Pay me a dollar and it is yours." He is an auctioneer, and sells his mental wares to the highest bidder. Pretending to hermeticism he is open at all times to approach, and takes bribes brazenly; in fact, advertises for them right and left. "The greatest on earth," he nevertheless has **cheap days** when he reduces his hundred-cent fee to twenty-five. Now you cannot bribe, brow-beat or bully a real philosopher, nor will he flatter you. His reticence is not obstinacy; it is duty. There are some things he has no business to tell; there are times when he cannot consistently speak; and when he holds his tongue, he holds it.

Reticence then is one of the essentials of a philosophic life. Why? Because the truth is a "two edged" weapon and a sage is not likely to play with it. Once I saw a Japanese Buddhist Bonze draw a short sword, with a keen blade, its whole length on his tongue, but before he performed this feat he was sure of his nerve. Jesus revealed His secrets to the nervy, the brainy, the well-balanced; but to the world He spoke in parables.

Another essential of a philosophic life is **consistency**. First the truth promulgated and lived by, must be true to itself; next it must be borne out by practice. It is odd, to say the least, for a man to discourse in persuasive tones on the value of a self-contained spirit, and later swear at his wife. To preach healing and go home and be sick, to uphold chastity and marry into lewdness, to recommend fasting and gorge, to advocate temperance and drink alcoholized bitters, is rank inconsistency, and not the way of a philosopher. In fact, the sage seems rather worse than he really is; his badness is apt to be on the surface. He is often gruff, impolite, and unconventional, but within he is white, that is, striving with all his might to live up to his convictions. He is often like a street digger, rather slimy to the eye, but inside abnormally healthy and clean because of his honest activity.

The philosopher has to fight his way, and often has a rough-house exterior, but his muscles are tough as pine knots and his heart as rhythmic as a Buddhist bell.

That reminds me that another essential of the philosophic life is the big back brain and the power to fight. A philosopher never "takes water" nor shows a white flag. Obstinate? Yes, and no. Not contentious for the sake of it, but from inborn **conviction**. Of course, he is a peace-lover, but the price of peace is often a fray. He never goes round with "a chip on his shoulder" spoiling for battle; he is simply a defender and belongs to that order of chivalry that is up in

arms for the honor of truth. Truth to him is a woman,—she, and he is her knight. His heart as well as his head is offered in her defense.

This being so, courage is undoubtedly an essential to the philosophic life. But is there no personalism in it? you ask. Is the philosopher forever hustling for abstractions? Yes, there is personalism. Even truth takes form in his eyes. Sometimes she is his beloved land, his people under the guise of the Goddess of Liberty, and the philosopher is a **patriot**. Sometimes she is a city, an Athens, and your philosopher serves Minerva on the Areopagus. Sometimes it is a sacred scroll, a parchment, written over with finalities, beyond dispute, exact formulas that there is no gainsaying; and your philosopher stands or falls in its defense. Sometimes it is progressive science—hard, cruel, true—and your philosopher squares his shoulders and marches by its side. Sometimes it is Law, unbending, rigid, and your philosopher sets his jaw and stands hard by. Sometimes it is Art, and your philosopher swerves not a hair's breadth from the task assigned. Sometimes it is the "poor and needy" and your philosopher becomes as one of them with no place to lay his head. Personalism! Your philosopher is always a person, and deals with personifications from start to finish.

Now I am about to say something startling. One of the supreme essentials of a philosophic life is **emotion**. A philosophic head without heart to balance is more dangerous to humanity than an aeroplane. It rides supremely over the woes of

others, indifferent for the time being to the clod and its miseries. To realize the mathematics of a problem, social or otherwise,—to get at the inherent rectitude snuggled like a kernel in the shell of the ten commandments, and not kindle to them emotionally, is monstrous. Energy has heat; without energy the inherency and initiative of a thing or principle is dead. No matter how prettily the social laws clear up in the mind of the thinker, proving their efficiency by the perpetual power of adjustments in combination, if this same thinker has no feeling, no love for the beauty of such possible poise and balance, he is not a philosopher, and lacks one of the essentials of a philosophic life. And this is a touchstone by which you can detect values and distinguish a fakir from a sage. A pretender may weep when he explains his philosophy, but more likely his tears are flowing because the cash box at the door of his lecture room is sparsely filled, than from emotion over the beauty of the so-called truth he expounds. He has strained his eyes so hard for a glitter of coin that, whether or no, they shed tears. “Jesus wept.” There is no account or laconic statement that “Jesus smiled.” And yet I presume He even laughed. Emotion consisting entirely of tears is nauseous. The sense of humor is an essential to the philosophic life. The sun is the **real thing**; shadows depend on the sun, but the sun is quite independent of the shadows. The weeping prerogative in humanity is the specialist’s own. Things, as things, stand up and hide the sun, and shadows lie prone at their feet. But

humor is the very sun itself laughing among the branches and between the leaves of "things in themselves" so utterly independent of them that there is a universalism about it that is a incarnate joy. A puritan philosopher, with a Japanese sigh, a hollow cheek and prim lip—unless he laughs inside and makes a joke of his exterior—is after all but a pretender to the throne of the sage. He is simply "one long drawn shadow," egotistic enough to imagine himself endowed with potency to put out the sun. Thank heaven that shades are not self-energizing, and that the humorous Sun uses them as foils, and foils only to his transcendent brightness.

Another essential to a philosophic life is chastity, and any priest of any cult who secretly preaches free love, obscenity, or phallic worship as such under the guise of hygiene, sun baths, etc., has no possibility of living a philosophic life. The distribution of energy is at the base of the sex question, and that teacher who authorizes a waste of this precious commodity, or rather its misapplication, is not in the narrow, straight path of philosophy.

Another essential to the philosophic life is self-sacrifice, or rather, self-preservation. The self given up is the self found; the self laid down is the self upraised. This is not sentimentality, it is the law of energy transformed. The self is many sided. The unit of self contains within it the many of selves. But who ever heard of a fakir giving up anything, even one of his many selves, to gain the supreme reward? The fakir

specializes on his ego—**his** ego. No other ego is taken into consideration except as coin is in its vicinity. The fakir is after money first and notoriety second. He bleeds the poor, by promises of wealth. "Send me a dollar," he says, "by next post, and I will show you how to make twenty." And sometimes he does. The motive of this pretender to unheard of powers, however, is "get rich quick"—"hit or miss"—it doesn't matter. The object of the true philosopher is to prove the verities and practice on the principles; that is, really become what people think he is. When they say "he has got something," he wants to make good.

But you ask, what's the use of it all? Doesn't the truly wise man pay too big a price for his wisdom? Does it really bring happiness? In answer, I would say that he pays well no doubt; he lays abnormal passion, greed, wicked selfishness, fear, an evil tongue, love of notoriety, on the altar of philosophy and sets fire to them. In return he gets courage, a certain lofty indifference to public opinion, some "dead sure" formulas to live by, and ultimately **power**. Now each individual must decide for himself whether the flame is worth the candle, whether the fire of energy is a good exchange for the body of desire. No person is obliged to be a philosopher. There is no law that can whip him into line and force him to travel the narrow way of the sage. Truly wise men are not proselyters, taking a human being by the coat collar and yanking him into the fold. "Fishermen of men" perhaps they are, but

there is so much good bait on their hook that it is harmless to him who bites.

The essentials of a philosophic life are positive; in fact, in strict philosophy (unlike religion) there are no **non**-essentials. That which is not essential is irrespective of philosophy.

CONSTELLATIONS.

As constellations refer primarily to clusters of stars, used figuratively in regard to persons they should necessarily be brilliants with power to flash and scintillate. Groups of poets, scientists, artists, thinkers, might well make up a peopled constellation. Probably there would be a fiery sun, or several for that matter, dominating the lesser lights, even down to the little asteroids.

Once belonging to a human constellation it is hard to break from it. The attractive power of the genius who heads it is as binding as gravitation. Were I advocating reincarnation, I should say that human constellations fall together in groups periodically from life to life. Were I teaching evolution I should say that certain evolved factors embodied in human bodies fall together by the law of affinity, occult chemistry supplying the motif to constellate. Were I preaching the ordinarily accepted tenet of creation, I should again posit mental sympathy through congruity of taste as a sufficient reason for the grouping of human stars. So it does not matter which premise I take as the cause of like seeking like and opposite attracting opposite, the fact stands however it is founded.

People fall together in groups, brilliant people

especially. Whether expert thieves or expert divines, infernal liars or dazzling saints, the fact that they can dazzle constellates them under the spell-binding gleam of their central sun. Lucifer was a star angel and he fell headlong through heaven, but continues to shine in hell, nevertheless, the brilliant dazzler of a flashing group.

The good or evil expressed through a constellation is generally indicated by its central sun. He may be an old red or yellow star burning with the fires of diabolism, but while he burns and has fuel he is bound to have a group of the lurid ones about him reflecting the lustful coloring of himself. He may be a young blue sun tinted to match the heaven in which he lives, or white within and without like a diamond of first water, and other stars will cluster around him reflecting purity and clarity of his heavenly brightness. Whatever the constellation, whether evil or good, it is brilliant and true to itself and master. An all-pervading spirit feeds its fires, a unified motif strikes the match, aim and idea pour in the fuel.

The eyes of the persons making up a special group flash with the same light; it may be lurid, it may be keen, it may be divine, but it is the unified gleam of the special constellation to which they belong. Imagine a group of Socialists, all stars, coming together because they must. In the eye of each, in the expression, is the identical menace that their leader wears. Rebellion gleams in the glances of a group of revolutionists, hate in those of the anarchists. All kickers who revolt at the present state of things have the fraternal-

lodge glance that marks them members of this or that constellation. Artists, those who have fraternized under a master, have the long stare that pronounces them concentrators. You know their teacher by their glance, and the slight scowl between their brows. Musicians carry about with them the very atmosphere of their special group. There is a "general something" that acts as an exposé. Members of secret societies, presumed to be as hermetic as a sealed jar, are as easily seen through as is its glass. Their "air of secrecy" goes along with them and betrays the very lodge in which they affiliate. Religionists and philosophers have faulty backdoors to their "sanctum sanctorum"; they will not stay shut, and the flock of sheep that make up their special herd are known and ticketed.

The shine in a constellation inevitably betrays it. If it were not by its very nature made up of a group of brilliants it might remain perpetually undiscovered. There are people working and fraternizing *sub rosa* in societies, but they are not in constellations. The law of affinity, undoubtedly applies to them also, but being irreflective the world is but little wiser in regard to them. I have said that people who belong in this or that constellation cannot help themselves. Perhaps I should qualify this and say, certain persons being thus and so must of necessity find their own, that is, others of the same ilk. But why need persons be so and so, and so and so? Being a brilliant thief, I of necessity herd with thieves, but why be a thief at all? The first initiative in

self is taken by self, through that same self's desire. Desiring to steal, I fall into a constellation of thieves; my mind and the other minds of the den run together in liquid brightness which is thievery. If I desire beauty I necessarily fraternize with others of the stamp who revel in beauty also. My soul is forged with those others who melt as I do. This goes to show that I may possibly free myself from a constellation, good or evil, by changing the initiative desire; but while I liberate my future life to some extent from the associations of the group, I cannot liberate the past nor get rid of the causes growing therefrom. If I have once truly been one with a constellation, a star cluster of brilliant people, good or evil, it is like tearing my heart out to divorce it, and only by change of desire through revolt of conscience can it be done. Where the conscience does **not**, can not revolt, the stars in the group being white through and through, nothing save a diabolically evil desire fostered on carrion and nursed on slime can cause a break.

A pure order may have a viper in its midst, and should it escape from the cluster and shine in other centers, it will always have something of divinity about it to tell the world of its previous high estate. "Once a gentleman, always a gentleman," though dead drunk in the gutter. The stamp is on him and serves to make his fall a monstrosity.

One may well ask here, if it is possible to shine alone, irrespective of constellations. Yes and no, and I will tell you why. In the first place that

which makes a constellation is the law of attraction or affinity. A constellation is not an organized society necessarily; it may or may not be. Groups of men fall together in certain ages and places, but there is perhaps no chosen president, speaker or secretary in the combination. It is neither deliberately organized nor is it accidental. There is a deeper law beneath this problem. When a Grant, a Sheridan, a Sherman and a Lincoln come forth at the same time and work in harmony to save a country, there is something farther down than the eye can reach as the gist of the puzzle. When a Longfellow, a Lowell, an Emerson, a Thoreau, an Alcott, a Holmes, a Parker and a Phillips appear contemporaneously and stir up the dry bones of crabbed New England, there is a meaning behind it that the ordinary mind does not catch. When a Shakespeare, a Ben Jonson, and others of the Elizabethan Age place bay leaves on their own heads, there is a question there that the common sense man has to ponder. When Eolean poets singing in group produce such music that the Lesbian coast is echoing it yet, the curious psychologist might as well sit up and look about. When inventors come contemporaneously, and congenial thinkers like Spencer, Tyndall, Romanes and Darwin appear in clusters, it becomes a puzzle worth considering. Environment surely has much to do with it, and the waiting ripeness of the age. The people are ready and the masters appear. At another time and under different conditions these same masters might be in hiding.

The secret sides of a constellation are the bodies of its stars, but that which belongs to the world is the flash and shine of them.

Now as to individual splendor—the isolated genius—he is there in his constellation as surely as some big sun dominates others in the sky above, and his isolation and selfhood lie **not** in lack of company, but rather in the aloofness that his greatness necessitates. He is alone in a crowd,—in the center among his own disciples or followers he is still, in one sense, by himself. In another, however, he is one with them; his motif is their motive, his aim theirs. As before said, the same light flashes in his eyes as illuminates theirs. The spirit of the body is one.

Curious people will ask all sorts of questions as to the length of life of a constellation; if the head of it is a hypnotist, if he rules and subjugates by suggestion, if all his disciples are negated and mere puppets in his hands, if influence is his sly weapon, and sophistry his vantage point? To the “lump sum” of these questions I answer no. Stars are individuals. He has a weak knowledge of the human will who claims that it can be **permanently** dominated by a master or a hypnotist. A so-called master could not for an instant claim the name if he attempted an unfair control. The master rests on principles, and principles are mightily impersonal as regards partiality, selectivity, domination. To be sure there is a law of selectivity, but the law per se is impartial.

No, the members of a constellation, people

entitled to flame and shine because of their vital energy—bad though they may be, or good—are not easily hypnotized in the revolting sense. The persons who make it up are too positive for negation and submission to a tyrant head. Fight among themselves they may, but no one of a constellation makes a doormat of himself for others to walk over.

As to the length of life of a constellation, the question is self-settling. If the theory of reincarnation be proved to be a truth, a group of humans may appear and shine periodically, age after age. If one short life is all man has on earth, by the law of affinity groups and herds of congenial souls would get together just the same. Whether the time of a constellation is short or long does not prohibit its strength and adjustability. In fact, all things equal, it would probably remain intact indefinitely unless outside factors served to break it up. Inherently it is true to itself, and therefore by its nature perpetual. Its breaking up even from the point of external experience by death and disintegration is not in reality its destruction, for though the body vanish, the individual spirits that animated it with one aim or motif are in some form of life continuing in close communion.

WHY WOMEN ARE SLY.

Women are subtle and sinuous in their ways and dealings. They rarely take the short cut and line of least resistance, but meander round instead. They **feel** their way like cats, treading gingerly, often retreating to return again with a slight change in their course. They act as though dreading explosions, gunpowder, dynamite. Their eyes, called modest, are really anxious, and the far-off look which poets rave over is the problem-glance; they are peering into a maze. They are made in curves, and they act in curves. The art of evading is the woman's art. They argue in circles, not because they fail to see straight ahead from cause to effect, but rather from caution and a dread of committing themselves. Even their frankness (and they are often frank) is conditioned by a great secrecy. The really loquacious, apparently blunt woman is a vast storehouse of unspoken things. "The other half has not been told." In unloading her mind she reserves something. A woman without reserves is a woman lost. A woman who has given all is out of the market. A woman with no mystery in her make-up is unpainted, unpowdered, and altogether too transparent to be a woman at all.

Why all this? Glance back into history and study human evolution by means of data. There was a time, it is said, when women were Amazons; that is, strong and invincible; but that era, if it ever existed, was prehistoric. The legends that introduce us to these Dianas of mythical ages and peoples produce no data worth having. In historic times, beginning with Herodotus and our family Bible, we find out a great deal about the status of woman. Veiled—a vast majority of them—or kept indoors, behind shutters, they became female “peeping Toms,” having no recreation but gossip among themselves, and no occupation save that of vying with each other in child-bearing. In a sense they were on a level of the more prolific animals. Progeny quantitatively was the ideal they were forced to invoke. A barren woman was a monstrosity. Probably in the beginnings of her evolution she quite agreed with man in this question; having no way of developing her brain, her energy went to sex and motherhood, and all the evil as well as the good that travels with it. She was keen in her own experiences, intuitive, jealous, revengeful, passionate, abnormally affectionate, yet from love of excitement and change, treacherous and fickle. Her energy flowing through so constricted a channel was dangerous and explosive; her methods of gaining her ends, for the same reason, sly and sinuous. The fact that she could do something man could not, that is, bear offspring, gave her the peculiar egotism of motherhood from which she has not yet entirely freed herself. She makes capital out of

the fact that she can produce progeny. She uses the birth pangs as a bribe with judges and jury. She manages her husband with the same seduction. She throws glamour over her lover during the courting period with vague hints in regard to it. She glories in her natural martyrdom, and uses it for all it is worth. She tells her sons how she suffered in bearing them, and persuades them into the straight path on that account. She gives her daughters a formula by which they shall sometime persuade their sons also.

Woman is really so shrewd that she seizes upon any and every resource that shall give her power. Poor as poverty compared with man in her "ways and means," those few that she has are used for all they are worth. Her childbearing capacity is her richest asset. In every conceivable way she makes it tell. There is a certain amount of physical suffering parceled out to her through the dispensation of the Almighty that man has not been afflicted with, and her nature is such that she undoubtedly prefers it to the painless life of her husband. It is better capital and brings larger interest. Like a child, she trades her birth pangs for a diamond necklace or a house and lot.

Now I am not speaking of the exceptional individuals of the feminine sex, but of woman as such. Her weakness is her strength, and she **knows it**. She came into the world as a woman simultaneously with man, no doubt, more powerful than he in fruitfulness and weaker than he in her capacity of self-maintenance. She squares up for her extra capacity with her extra agony, and faces man with

her eyes on a level with his; but in order to maintain that level and hold her place of equality, she has been obliged to use subterfuge. Her negative ways are **sly** ways; her ends are gained by round-about methods.

Now of what nature is this man who faces her so levelly? Minus one power that is hers, namely, that of child-bearing, he nevertheless gains in physical freedom. All roads are open to him save one,—the road to the heaven of motherhood. But few ways have been open to her save the straight path to this peculiar paradise. In symbolism she might stand for Unity or singleness of aim,—the simple; while he would represent Complexity, or the compound,—many. I am referring now to woman as feminine and man as masculine. But as it happens, woman though such is also an individual, possessed of an unsexed element, which is strictly mind fired by ambition and curiosity; no female, even the most slavish, is entirely without. Many women are more intellectual than feminine, and **that** is **why** they are sly. Having other desires to gratify besides those of mere sex and motherhood, and formerly as a rule restricted in almost every conceivable way in so doing, they get gratification by stealth, and the “stolen kisses are sweet.”

Man enjoys so thoroughly being pre-eminent, he has dinged into her ears from time immemorial that her sphere is the home. She has but one trade, that of housekeeping; one duty, that of wife and mother. To be sure this one trade of hers is a vitally complex affair. Inside this house

where she is supposed to reign, she must in reality be "Jack of all trades." No chef on a salary of ten thousand a year is supposed to equal her in cooking. "Home cooking" is, should and must be the very acme of the cuisine art. Her husband's stomach is the most sacred thing on earth, his heart is a mere bagatelle in comparison. She is not only cook but housemaid, in theory if not in fact. Her hawk-eye must be ever on the alert for dust and disorder; her keen nose must be equally alive to scents and counter scents; her artist temperament must continually adjust itself to color and sound. Altogether, she is cook, housemaid, gown designer, artist, cordial hostess, bargainer, manager, economist—social, political and financial. At the same time a person well-read, up to date, perfectly robed, companionable and sympathetic with husband and children, and never on any account short tempered even to the lifting of an eyelash. Yet as before said, she is simply wife and mother according to the final mandate of the preacher and the ultimatum of the husband. I do not pity her in her complexity of home life, for to tell the truth it saves her individuality intact. To be simply wife and mother and nothing more, would be damning to any element of personality that might be hers. She would not deserve a name even, had she not distinctive element to answer to it. Women might well be all Marys, or Myras or Janes had they not the inside house life to develop their individual differences. But the inherent complexity in woman is too big even for her home interior; she

is morbidly anxious to get outside and live. She feels the call of the sea, the sky, the far spaces. The city lures and beckons—the trades, the shops. Even the rougher jobs entice and stimulate. She wants to fight, to write, to preach, to teach—to be a heroine, a missionary, a doctor, a lawyer. She simulates modesty and coquetry to wheedle men into letting her into their colleges and professions. She studies secretly and learns things she “ought not to know.” She nurses her baby once too often each day, in order to steal the time to solve a problem in mathematics. Her curiosity is fiercely abnormal along all lines that her husband follows; she wants to keep up with him, she **will** keep up with him, and if there is no open, above-board way to so do, she chooses an underground method. This is **why she is sly**.

In early history, devoted to motherhood, she still had enough other traits to cause her to be abnormally curious. Suppressed and enslaved she became both explosive and treacherous. Allowed more latitude today, she nevertheless brings into the present century her inherited attributes and continues to use **influence** to accomplish her ends. Now what is the meaning of the word “sly”? In its extreme sense it is “meanly artful;” in a modified sense it is “cunning, ingenious and shrewd.” Woman as a rule is not **meanly sly**, so we ignore the first definition and cling to the second. Her slyness, shrewdness or artfulness, if it be a fault, is really not hers alone. By the nature of the life she has been forced to endure through the centuries she could not very

well be otherwise and have a life worth living. Who then is to blame? It is partly the fault of the male, her companion, and partly the result of her necessary motherhood. Man, aggressive, compelling, selfishly in love with freedom and all that pertains thereto—a monopolizer by his very nature—has by every possible means in his power, through preaching, teaching, appealing to her superstition, coercing, bribing and dictating, striven to tie woman down to the life of homekeeper, wife and mother, and that only. Ministers and priests are forever exhorting her to use influence, influence. Her whole stock in trade, they tell her, is influence. Would a woman have anything desirable let her marshal all her little cupids of influence and get it. Does she want a Republican or Democratic President to rule over her country, let her bring to bear her influence on her husband, brothers and sons, till they lose their individualized-clear-seeing and yield to her persuasion. It seems to the short-sighted a more effective method than the ballot every time. She has a dozen or more votes to her credit, while through female suffrage she would cast but one. This insidious preaching by pastors, deacons and doctors about woman's influence would be damnable in its effect if it were not so ludicrous. These spiritual guides are really telling her to be sly, shrewd, persuasive—so much so that she can cajole her male friend to act against his conscience and better judgment. She becomes a veritable Eve, and tempts him to taste of a certain apple that she approves.

Truly, men are too manly to be as effectively influenced as they pretend. To make woman feel that she has a godlike power in that of influence, thus preventing her from continually contending for her so-called rights and therefore disturbing his mental equilibrium, he doctors her with these sham doses. Nor is she deceived. They are nothing but bread pills, and she knows it. Nevertheless she proceeds to take him at his word and uses her influence for all it is worth. There is a charm in its application, it gives her a proxy power and a forged liberty, which is sufficiently wicked to be fascinating. In persuading him to go her way, though she knows that nine times out of ten he won't, she is laughing to herself, because he, in his rank honesty thinks she is in earnest. He knows he is trying to dupe her, but he never dreams that she is trying to dupe him. Her attempt at slyness succeeds, his fails. She has become constitutionally, hereditarily sly, because of her motherhood and his physical power over her; but he, poor soul, cruelly straightforward by nature, attempting her methods is a transparent failure. The balance could not be struck between man and woman and equality justified were this not so. All things favor him as lord and master save one—the shrewd art of the negative. The negations of woman are sly powers, which enable her to look straight into his eyes. In time this fact will be modified. Never can she escape the prerogative of motherhood, which partially negatives herself and life, but the shuttle cock play indulged in through the ages between

herself and man, is likely sooner or later to come to an end. As the individual in her dominates the sex, subterfuge will to an extent subside.

PRIVILEGED PEOPLE.

There are certainly privileged people,—why? Are they made of different clay from others? Is their pedigree royal? Are they immune from the law of cause and effect? Are they gods and goddesses? Outwardly they appear quite like ordinary humanity,—sometimes a little below par. Is that shabby genteelness of theirs a stamp of caste and exclusiveness, and are they thereby privileged? Their right and title to such presumptions must have a cause somewhere, but where?

The privileged person in a house, **any house**, has many prerogatives. First he speaks his mind. Whether it be permissible on all occasions to express oneself verbally is questioned, but in his case, by the virtue of his privilege, he is made an exception. He is privileged too in his choice of language. He indulges in strong terms, his tongue is sharp; sarcasm, pessimism or any other ism is tolerated in **his** case. The queer thing about it is, that he throws stones, but no one ever thinks of retaliating. His house is **not** made of glass. He criticises harshly, indulging in adjectives and superlatives remorselessly, and woe be to any one who presumes to answer him in strong

epithets. He is in quite a different class in regard to freedom of speech from that of those whom he addresses.

The reason of this is not hard to find. The privileged person is tolerated because in some manner he "makes good" and hands over a surplus to humanity which the unprivileged individual **does not**. When the favored one is **good**, he is so very, very good that he strikes a balance with his badness and maintains a sort of moving equilibrium that people call "fair." When he **does** things they are so extraordinary that the world forgives his chaotic moments, remembering all the time that he serves its ends rather more than he injures them, and some indulgence must be dealt out to him in order that he keep on **doing**.

Right here let me insist, that any person not so fortunate, trying the methods of the privileged person, will soon find to his great disgust that they "don't work." Mankind will not tolerate him for an instant. "What can he do," they say, "to give him any right to browbeat us? **He's** not a genius, he's no wiser than we are. He'd better look out. Let him once try to fix things, and we'll fix him!"

When a man, then, finds himself privileged, there is some reason for it, most assuredly, for the world is inherently selfish, and only puts up with its tyrants because they are serving it a good turn. A privileged child in a family is either an unusually brilliant infant or an invalid. The sick are always more or less privileged by

the nature of their value. The prospect of losing the invalid, even though he be but an ordinary person, serves to show his worth and the difficulty of filling the void his absence will make; therefore he is humored and privileged. The genius is most inevitably privileged, even more, he is pampered. What he does is so transcendent, that what he is is winked at. He may break all the laws of the decalogue, and yet be forgiven. He can browbeat his wife, and enjoy an affinity,—yes **two** of them. He can express opinions that put the gospels to shame. He can live on his friends and slander his enemies; for being a genius and preparing to leave something behind him that the world must forever marvel over, he is permitted unusual license. Like the gods, immortal, he walks over earth roughshod, and earth's inhabitants get down and kiss his foot-prints. But let the non-genius try to stride about in the same manner, and the sovereign of justice will transfix him before he has gone a mile. There are sterling reasons behind all this. The man who takes must give, and the **non-genius** doesn't pay the price of privileges,—“that is why.”

A beautiful woman is always privileged, and she knows it. **Real** beauty—the genuine thing, is uncommon, and is a source of supreme delight. Any person—a man, a child, especially a well-sexed woman—who can radiate beauty, scatter it before her and behind her in the guise of charm and fascination, is justifiably privileged. Any effort on her part to preserve that beauty, any

sacrifice on the part of her friends to hold her high above the heads of others, is overlooked. She gives lavishly and takes prodigiously, and the balance between herself and the world is struck. She is privileged.

Specialists in science are privileged persons. We excuse their grandiloquence and narrowness because of their great service. An eye specialist will tell you that all diseases spring from a wrongly focused eye. It is really, in his estimation, the only cause of suffering. Set your line of vision properly and you will be as healthy as Hebe. You laugh in your sleeve, and getting a good pair of lenses go to the drug shop and dose as before, forgiving your specialist because of his skill in his own particular calling.

Another physician, of narrow but keen insight, announces that your appendix is the "imp of the perverse," that without it you would be as athletic as Diana. Knowing his pronounced skill you overlook his idiosyncrasies and proceed to the blood doctor who desires to administer an "alterative" at once, solemnly asserting that your very life is dictated to by certain corpuscles that should be given their congé on the spot.

Your dentist tells you that on the condition of your mouth hinges your longevity, and being proud of your new gold tooth you admit his premise to his face, but go into hysterics behind his back.

Your physical culture teacher asserts that deep breathing is your only hope, while a close friend insists that your one chance of happiness lies

in mastication or a prolonged and tantalizing grinding of your food.

Now these specialists are really equal to things, in one way or another, and their absurdities are overlooked because of the good they do. They are privileged.

There are occasions when even an ordinary person becomes privileged. An ignoramus may rise to the rank that entitles him to special consideration if he acts as guide on a mountain pass, or through an unexplored forest. Being native to these regions, he has acquired the right of occasional privilege.

About the privileged person himself there is something to say. You wonder if he enjoys exercising his little tyrannies, browbeating the world because the world cannot get on so well without him. Yes, in a sense I believe he does; nevertheless he realizes that he has his limit, and lives in dread of over-stepping it. He is also in fear of other privileged individuals who by nature of their acquired rights are his natural enemies. One privileged person rarely gets down on his knees to another, that is certain. Notice the haughty air of the acknowledged beauty when she sails by the acknowledged savant. Notice the sneer on the lips of said savant as he weighs her assets with his own. If a privileged person is tender-hearted he suffers because of the misery he brings about through the exercise of his prerogative. The tears of his wife and friends flow at his sharp words, which they are not permitted to resent in kind. If he has any heart he cannot

fail to react from the results of his own selfishness. All his ultra indulgences outside of right and law have inherently within them their own punishment. His privilege never extends to an exemption from that, his privilege is a gift from humanity or a reward for some favor he does for mankind; but the inherent law of the evil in which he merges himself has nothing to do with special licenses and spares him not a jot or tittle from the result of his outrages. What cares the law for his genius or power of giving? Law is law, and shows no favor.

So the privileged man, who takes to himself two wives outside the bans—or inside either, who sits down in his friend's house and stays there, sleeping in the best bed, devouring the best food, and abusing hospitality,—the genius who lives wilfully or ignores the law of the land, gets his just deserts from law itself,—privilege or no privilege. "A king can do no wrong," to be sure, but the **man** who represents the king can sin like Satan and burn in perdition. No privilege or special permit can save him from the consequences of his own acts.

Privileges then, sifted down to this, are thrown in with the exchange between parties in order to square a deal. That is, you being able to give certain benefits to humanity quite out of the ordinary, get in exchange certain possibilities of indulgences quite out of the ordinary also. Now there are persons who could have privileges and do not take them. They rank, however, with the thrice great and are not in the same category

with the subjects of this paper. The people combined are headed by a sort of invisible Pope, who sells indulgences to those who lavish favors upon him; but the stern Judge who administers the law accepts no bribes and shows no partiality.

PROBLEMS.

Why are there great financiers if the problem of money-making is not itself a thing of interest? The millionaire is surely endowed with enough of this world's goods for actual comfort. As well might I ask, why do men play chess? The zest in living is the fascination of the problem. To disentangle a puzzle and clear up a mystery is pre-eminently satisfactory. The problem is the mental grindstone that sharpens the mind to a clean edge. At the chessboard of life sits the financier and plays the game. The king he hopes to checkmate is called Money. The charm of the playing is greater than that of the success; in fact the problem is the real thing and the solution but a bagatelle.

People protest and rebel continually against the difficulties in their way, the uncertainties, the distractions; but suppose these obstacles were removed suddenly and the sea of life reduced to a dead level,—what then? Previous complaints would be as syren echoes compared with the uproar of protest that would batter the eardrums at the dead monotony of such a condition. Life would be insufferable without the problem, in fact would cease, and stagnation would reign supreme.

The lure of the puzzle is the charm of being. It arouses all our activities in the attempt at a solution, and the fury of endeavor is the fullness of being.

The man who falls flat before opposition and does not try with all his might to make the most of it, is really no man at all, but a thing unsexed and unequal to the rich experiences of the battle of life. The problem of maintaining my body equal to the demand of my soul is interesting; the problem of establishing a body for my body, that is, a roof over my head and foundation under my feet, is another vital puzzle, problem of clothes for my back incidentally going with it. The problems of fuel, climate, food, keep men busy from "sun up to sun down" in their effort to solve them. The problems of education, race, environment, the adaptation of humanity to frigid, torrid and temperate conditions plunges the man of affairs deep in thought. The problem of supply and demand, social and economic relations,—the questions of war, peace, commerce, international law, tax legal and executive brains to the limit. The problems of love, hate, equity, caste, the puzzle of the passions, the sex question, the horns of the dilemma—respectively man and woman. The problem of the small, the problem of the great, and lastly the stupendous problem of knowledge, inclusive of all others the very sphinx of life itself.

Imagine a heaven with everything settled, complete, **done**, if you can. No more thinking, no

more speculating, no more wondering, guessing, imagining, fearing,—but everything shelved and finished; yourselves before the throne, with no question mark stamped on you,—so vastly wise that all curiosity lies dead within you; all worlds conquered, all problems solved. Alas! even God could not endure such stagnation, so perforce he made Adam and Eve, and endowed them with freedom, that he himself might have a question to determine, a puzzle to work out. This is not sacrilege but verity, for by no possibility could there be **life**, the other name of which is **action**, without the element of obstacle or resistance involved. Men are mostly “kickers,” not realizing that when they turn on the problems of their existence and revile them, they are condemning their best friends. The wholesome anger with which we sometimes attack a difficulty is not to be altogether condemned. “Our blood up” we fight hard, and having cleared our path find considerable satisfaction. Considerable, I say, but certainly not supreme, for the job done we at once look about for **another**, quite unsettled until we “get busy” again. No healthy man rests long and gloats over his laurels. The real fun of the contest was the battle itself; the reward following was but a secondary interest. Even in the problem of love, in the act of winning, a man is intoxicated by the west wind blowing off the shores of his distant elysium; having won he settles himself comfortably, but not with rapture, to inhale the appetizing, odorous breezes of the family kitchen. He “builds

him a house," where he may obtain perfect harmony, absolute rest, domestic bliss and paradise. While constructing this future haven of delights, he is superlatively happy; but let the house be finished, himself in slippers and gown established inside, and bliss takes wings, his skylark becomes a crow, and he is glum and morose with disappointment. He eats too much, he drinks too much, he smokes too much; he wants to sell, he wants to travel, he wishes he had his money back. He says to himself, "The fool builds the house and the wise man lives in it. I must get out of this," and he gets out, and starts off on the trail of another problem. All showing clearly that the bird of paradise hovers over the game and departs when it is won.

I do not wish to be misunderstood in this argument. There **are** difficulties too great to be enticing; there is a degree of "tiredness" that demands surcease of action. One thus weary craves only to float with the tide of being, letting things settle themselves, finding in this state of mental and physical exhaustion his heaven in negation, sleep, rest. This however, being a phase of rhythm is but temporary, and serves as a preparation for more hard work and discovery.

Of all the problems, that of death and the possible hereafter is perhaps the most fascinating. While the prospect hangs over us like a pall, black and uncertain, it has its charm, and secretly we are all looking forward to it with both dread and rapture, somewhat as a girl contemplates marriage. The fact of this great change,

sure sometime to be ours, takes the ennui from the life of the most passé and blasé individual, and clothes him with expectancy. Tired of all else, death, awful as it may be, is at least exciting, a thing unsolved, and the thick slow-flowing blood of the rankest pessimist mounts to his brain at the thought of it.

The beginning and ending of life is a veritable Chinese puzzle, and all that goes between like wine to the blood if we once become aware of the charm of the problem.

FEAR AND WORRY.

It is the fashion nowadays to condemn fear and anathematize worry, but we have failed to annihilate them nevertheless. Why? Because fear and worry are inherent in the "make up" of the man and serve a purpose. Fear as a characteristic has its virtue in being a safeguard and protector. The use of fear and the abuse of fear produce vastly different results. A temperate fear leads one to be cautious and careful, preventing innumerable accidents that would otherwise occur. An intemperate fear culminates in panic, which in itself is the worst accident of all. The former modifies and subdues our rashness, the latter makes us cowards and nervous wrecks.

The fearless and the fearful man represent the extremes, and between them we have the individual who uses common sense in regard to his precautions. He worries reasonably, until his "powder is dry," then secure in its protective value he throws off dull care and proceeds to enjoy himself. He locks his door and forgets the thief. He insures his life, and then lives. This is the reasonable man. After doing what he can to prevent disaster he thinks no more about it.

It is otherwise with the fearful individual, whom some people condemn as a coward. He is afraid and afraid and still more afraid. About his body he worries continually, believing all diseases instead of being possible, are more than probable in his case. He is afraid not only of a complaint, but of the doctor who might discover it. Symptoms scare him, and a lack of symptoms frightens him still more. He doses slyly on the guess-work principle, and trembles at the possible result. He is afraid to take medicine and afraid **not** to take medicine. He is frightened if his heart beats, and alarmed at the prospect of its stopping altogether. Unless he temporarily forgets himself his body tortures him with the alarms it generates. He is afraid to travel and afraid to stay at home; he fully realizes the sneaking dangers of his own backyard,—his sewer pipes, drains and pitfalls; he fears his neighbor's dog and the scratch of his friend's cat. If terrified to the flying point he starts on a journey, he gets himself insured, and proceeds to contemplate disasters of every description, from that of missing his car to a train wreck, dwelling morbidly on the shadings of evil entailed on one who traverses the spaces, skimming over sea and land.

From the financial point a man of this type is in dread of "setting up in business for himself" lest the risk be too great, and mightily afraid to serve anyone else, on account of the responsibility. He is afraid to do nothing and afraid to do something. He sees the poor house

ahead if he takes chances, and he sees it again if he does not. He is afraid to "get married," and still more afraid of single blessedness. A wife might fall ill and become a burden, or he might fall ill and have no wife to care for him; either way he scents danger. As for becoming a father, he hates to "chance it," yet if he does not he fears a lonely old age with no one to cheer him in his declining years. On the other hand, he might breed criminals and live to see his son hanged. He's afraid of the hereafter, but fears to join any special church lest some other special church turn out to be a safer sailing craft to the port of the unknown.

Altogether this extremist in the art of worry is so fanatically burning with panic that the world laughs at him and frightens him still more.

But the man who is "afraid of nothing" is almost as ridiculous. Such a fellow is well depicted in a dime novel. No enemy daunts him. He has never known fright. If a house burns, he goes where fireman fear to tread, and nearly chokes to death. In a case of drowning he plunges into the breakers and starts out to rescue the victim. Whether he can swim or not, makes no difference; he dares the water and probably gets the worst of it. A man of this type knows nothing of small worries about his stomach, liver, heart, "coming down" with a serious illness; he pays so little attention to it that he is likely to succumb before a physician gets on his track, but should the doctor reach him in time our rash patient has no fear of him,

and invites an X-ray inspection with keen relish. Told he must die, he is quite free from terror and shows no dread of the undertaker whom he knows is hovering near like a black crow, waiting for his opportunity,—which in the undertaker's case is never allowed to slip.

Such an extremist in the art of bravery plunges recklessly into matrimony, and is under no circumstance afraid of his wife. Regarding fatherhood, as far as fear goes he would as soon be a father as not. He is extravagant in money matters, and has no dread whatever of a panic. For him poverty has no terrors, nor has wealth. He is not afraid of dependence nor its contrary. If a burglar enters his house he chases him out, aye, he follows him to the very den of thieves, where he promptly receives a stunning blow on the head and, dime novel fashion, is bound hand and foot, gagged and left alone in a cellar. Undaunted, if he manages to escape he follows up his enemies and gets his skull cracked again. He is an utterly fearless person,—out in the dark at night prowling the streets, where “hold-up men” ply their trade; in rocky, suspicious looking mountain canyons, where rattlesnakes and poison oak flourish; visiting friends down with smallpox, with never a sign of vaccination on him; hard up at the door of an enemy striving to borrow with no false shame in his eyes, as unalarmed about his future state as the babe new-born.

What is the philosophy of all this? Which extremist is the fool? I answer, **both**. To be

sure we admire the man of dash and daring, while we despise the panicky coward, yet neither is sane nor reasonable in his method.

Should I carry out to the letter the modern "saws," "Don't Worry," "Fear Nothing," etc., I should undoubtedly forget my engagements, fail to keep my promises, miss my train, neglect my health, overdraw my bank account, become indifferent to my morals, and imperil my immortal soul. Using judgment, I propose to worry and fear sufficiently to "keep the wolf from my door" and the thief from my trousers' pocket. I shall muzzle my hound in "dog days" and fly to cover in a storm. Having done all that, I do not propose to brood. Worry and fear serve a good purpose in giving warning of danger and stirring me to activity as regards preventive ways and means. After that, they are enemies and take on the grotesque and absurd features of the great god Pan, who piped till he raised a **panic** and then piped some more.

Without a reasonable amount of precaution superinduced by anxiety, the world could not go on in an orderly manner for any length of time. The cosmic balance hinges on the alertness of the watchman on the lookout, and that watchman is named Fear. Like pain he has his mission, and when he does not abuse it, like pain, again he becomes a savior. We may pretend that the gospel of "Don't Worry" is the last word in scientific philosophy, but if we had keener insight we should change the phrase to "Don't Worry Unnecessarily." Having worried

sufficiently to do my best for myself and others, I have no call to waste more energy along that line. Of course this is "easier said than done." A mother hanging over her sick child has most certainly accomplished everything within her power for its relief, and yet she worries. But her case is extreme, we must excuse her. In the thousand and one little things where our intense affections are not involved, it is certainly unphilosophic to waste our strength in foolish fear and anxiety. In so doing we become a burden to ourselves and a "bore" to others. There is nothing more wearing to a man's nervous system than to be constantly thrown in company with those who are "eaten up with anxiety." Such individuals air their troubles continually, and make nuisances of themselves.

The one and only justifiable great fear, it seems to me, is that of being afraid of **fear** itself. Perhaps I am wrong, for to be terrified by fear permits of a fearful attitude of mind, which it were probably better not to encourage. Well then, how shall we ward off panic if we are not permitted to be afraid of it? By the understanding, most certainly. Having a clear comprehension of what the nature of panic is, and the danger involved in allowing it to assert itself, we steer clear of it.

We must remember that **Fear** is an emotion, **not** an intellectual concept. It is a spontaneous reaction from something that seems about to injure us, nevertheless so closely allied to intellect that it is more or less colored by it. We

can reason ourselves into being afraid, and we can reason ourselves **out** again. Talk calmly and convincingly to a man half paralyzed with fright, and he will gradually get his equilibrium and overcome his terror. On the other hand, by appealing to his reason through argument you can throw him into a panic, convincing him that dire disaster is close by.

Reason then is the means by which we regulate fear, exciting it sufficiently to make us cautious and self-protecting, or subduing it enough to prevent extreme tension and positive terror.

Fear is apt to be attendant upon some other emotion, in fact is often the dim shadow of an exalted passion. The mother fears for her children because she adores them; the lover fears for his beloved because he worships her. The miser lives in terror because he gloats on his gold. A man otherwise brave is often reduced to cowardice through love of his family and anxiety about them.

Fear like hope is a doubtful friend, faithful to a degree, after that an enemy. You can hope against hope, which deferred "maketh the heart sick." You can go on worrying till you yourself are fear embodied, frightful to your friends and a menace to mankind.

The intangible quality of fear, its uncertainty and procrastination, make it in the long run an exasperating sensation, embittering and chaotic. You say to yourself, "I would prefer to know the worst than to continue to feel this way." The element of expectancy, the sense of something ter-

rible impending becomes in time beyond endurance, and panic ensues.

The philosopher, while he knows fear and anxiety under the mask of caution, prudence and carefulness, is quite content to stop his acquaintance there. Its more intense manifestations, such as terror and frenzy, he strives ever to avoid.

THE JEWEL IN THE TOAD'S HEAD.

Ugly as the toad appears, nevertheless there is a shining bit of cartilage in his head, as beautiful as a gem; and so from time immemorial "the jewel in the toad's head" has been recognized not only literally but illustratively. If the repulsive and hideous manifest some points of beauty, it should certainly be the aim of all truth seekers to discover and value it.

There are things which we consider inherently evil, some aspects of life seem without excuse, ugly, offensive, quite devoid of any redeeming quality. Wait! there's a jewel in the toad's head; somewhere in this evil of ours is the sparkling splendor of a gem that makes the dread horror of the rest bearable, or if not bearable, at least understandable. On **every possible** aspect of physical, mental and spiritual ugliness,—on every grief, bereavement, pain, shame, or degradation, a light flashes, the gleam of the jewel in the very head of it, a gleam so clear that it serves to explain and almost justify the deformity which otherwise would be a symbol of despair.

Some kind of gain comes out and manifests in every loss. A scintillating, uncanny gem that flashes in lurid splendor on the chaos of misery

and miserableness. Let me illustrate: Perhaps your self-respect has disappeared, and with it your decency and honor. You may have broken every one of the ten commandments, sinning also against intrinsic law itself. You have degraded your whole being; you have stolen, lied and debauched yourself; you have tasted of every evil, and your innermost self is vile. Where in the name of all decency is the jewel in the toad's head in your case? So bad are you that this possible gem has but one flash, one glow; it has no facets and no varied scintillation, but that one steady shine is there nevertheless, and cannot be hid. Bad as you are, the jewel that lights your way is that of experience, and has no less dignified name than that of knowledge. Your touch of pitch has bedaubed you with its blackness, and its jet is a gem and reflects facts. Knowledge is yours in spite of you; its hatefulness and nastiness cannot put out the truth that shines in it as such, miserable though it be. And by this knowledge you may eventually be saved and delivered. The light of this knowledge flashes from the gem of jet, and shows you the way to better things and a fairer life. No one knows contrasts as do you, no one realizes cleanness as do you who have been vile, no one bows before purity as do you who are impure, no one appreciates honor, even to the point of envy, as do you who are dishonorable, no one adores beauty as do you who are ugly, no one trembles before truth as do you who are a liar. And all because of the jewel in the toad's head—your head. Out of your vast intercourse with evil

has come your power to estimate values, and that power is the jewel which is especially your own. It is sombre but it flashes, and is not an imitation but a real gem.

No condition or state of evil is conceivable but that some brilliant sparkles in its darkest place. The sanctum sanctorum of the unholy is lighted by a jewel which has intrinsic worth, and not only the unholy but the unhappy also. The sombre and pessimistic good, people who walk in shadows of their own or others' making, have gems concealed or revealed about them, as the case may be. The complaining man by his continual unfair protests against things as they are in **his** case, but serves by the light of the gem in him to bring into prominence those who bear like burdens patiently without complaint. Some strange lurid light, opaline and resplendent, makes a foil of the back-biter and slanderer by which is seen more distinctly the man of clean soul and cautious tongue. The rubies that drop from the knife of the murderer as he draws it from the heart of his victim dance forever before the eyes of humanity and teach the world the dread awfulness of taking human life. Even the hunter who steals like a hound along the trail of his victim has the emerald light in his eyes and his soul, for which caution and fox-like shrewdness stand. All those who revel in danger, those who do, dare and suffer for the sake of conquest and achievement, are lighted by diamond flashes cold as ice and hot as fire.

Looking deeper, I find there is no real, resplendent good as such, but that has its evil aspect,

and in that **evil** aspect is a gem,—not the jewel of good per se, but the veritable pearl of great price, the gem that is paid for by sin and bereavement and pain. For instance, suppose I am healthy, wealthy and happy—thrice good, so to speak; on this very account I have a deep-seated anxiety as regards my power of holding on to these blessings indefinitely. This very unhappiness **about** my happiness gives me keenness to estimate values, and is a blessing in disguise,—in other words, a jewel in the toad's head. Not that worry is in itself good, but the caution born therefrom is exceedingly good, enabling me to maintain possession of those delights which I might otherwise through carelessness lose. Jealousy, contemptible as it is, has a jewel in its head nevertheless, shining brightly enough to reveal one's self to one's self with all the cavern-like possibilities and pitfalls otherwise unknown. It shows the danger of rampant fascination, and the blissful anxieties of overweening love. It is a gem of great light, intense, electric, searching. The mean little thief plies his debasing trade by the glimmer of his tiny jewel, which, garnet-like, shines sufficiently to teach him that a code of honor among those who steal is quite essential in order to make stealing possible. It shows him, too, the better way of honesty by force of contrast, and makes him forever restless and dissatisfied with his lot.

The scarlet woman wears a gem on her heart radiant with fire which burns and tortures. The purity of an innocent child is realized by her as

by no other because of her impurity. Fallen, no one appreciates as she appreciates the human being that stands erect. By the light of this jewel she sees the broken hearts of her sisters in shame as no other can see, and by the knowledge gained through painfully clear vision, she and she only can be the savior of herself and those like unto her.

The gem of sickness is the pearl. The diseased, the halt, the blind,—those physically accursed, by the very disease itself, create, whether or no, the pearl born of their misery. It is a clouded jewel, varying in gleam like the sun from dawn to evening. In the breast of the pearl, as on the bosom of the sea, the tides rise and fall, but the light is there as in a mirror, and the patient sufferer sees his own face reflected from its sheen and a divine un-earthliness also that implies higher planes of being, and a disintegration of gross matter into more ethereal elements. It often throws upon the screen of itself the very image of death, like an angel of light, a welcome visitor eagerly embraced. It reflects Hebe also, the image of health, and teaches the invalid values in hygiene that were never before dreamed of.

The gem of poverty is the turquoise,—like the clear sky. Poverty is often toad-like in its squalor and uncleanness. Purity is expensive, water costs money, time is cash, and the poor are too tired to keep clean. Now the sky when blue like the turquoise is stainless, and who like the unclean poor can realize the value of purity? The sky like wealth is boundless to him who is poverty-stricken. The vastness of the great comes to him

who has nothing. He dreams of domains and palaces, kingdoms and principalities. His power of appreciation of abundance is beyond the conception of the well-to-do. Ennui he never knows; his life is so strenuous that it becomes exciting and intense. Every hour is a tragedy escaped or experienced, every minute vital and problematical. But the jewel shines softly, in azures impalpable, and whether he knows it or not as a gem, he certainly realizes an indefinable something which makes his poverty endurable and instructive.

And these are but a few instances of the innumerable forms that evil assumes. Evil as evil will have nothing to do with light, but intrinsically by the nature of **Law** the jewel is there. The toad's head has developed its own gem by the nature and virtue of its ugliness. Lilies on a pond of slime serve as a commonplace illustration but pat just here. Evil cannot help bringing forth some form of good by its nature as evil. It is the stalking shadow that acts as a foil to reveal intrinsic worth, and that power to be a foil is **as a power good**. No contrast nor comparison would be made possible without the aid of that which man calls evil,—no appreciation of values. Even Satan has his mission to perform when he poses as a mirror to reveal the saint. The arch fiend himself, the very Devil, serves the end and intent of being when by the fire of the eyes of him God in heaven is made manifest.

THE LAW OF OPPOSITES.

A law we believe is eternal, so there is no need to go back in history to find the beginning of it. Nevertheless it is interesting to trace out its discoverers, to examine their application, and the results accruing therefrom.

Now the law of opposites is spoken of in past ages as the identity of contraries, and was foisted upon the world at a very early time by the great thinkers. It is true, as is well known, that the **masters** in every country brought up at the **paradox**; or to make it clearer, Zarathushtra, Pythagoras, Laotze, Gautama and Jesus met at an apparent point, that in reality was no point at all,—simply the passing or blending place of the extremes. A person, not subtle, calls this point or blending place a contradiction, but a thinker understands that on the contrary it is a paradox. Things that contradict each other are impossible of blending, but a paradox is quite another question.

Now upon the paradox hinges the law of opposites, which in simpler parlance might be called the law of rhythm. Zarathushtra, or Zoroaster, as he is commonly called, apparently taught dualism; that there were two principles in nature, the good

and evil, under the guise of Ahuro Mazdao (Ormuzd)—Light, and Angro Mamyush (Ahriman)—Darkness. In the Gathas or sacred books, the evil spirit is less prominent than the good. In Mazdaism, as the faith of Zoroaster is called, the good is so entirely uppermost that it seems to be all in all.

Now this dualism is as old as history, and is an extremely common belief among the **followers** of all masters. The followers we say, for not a single **master** that we can discover believed it. You will notice as you sift the cult of the almost mythical Zoroaster that these apparently two principles in Nature come **together**, being twins proceeding from the fundamental law of Unity. As surely as day is comprehended because of night and night because of day, so were the light and darkness of this great leader of Iran based emphatically and everlastingly upon **One**, and their meeting was the identification of contraries and the passage of extremes.

But let us get away from Persia and look into Ancient Greece. Another almost fabled individual, born probably about 582 B. C., called Pythagoras, who made of geometry a science, presented the identity of contraries, or the law of opposites. These opposites were unity and duality, or number and one; in modern terms we should say variety in unity,—variety standing for the number of Pythagoras, and unity for one. In the union of these opposites (that is the blending point between the two) consists harmony or neutrality. Suppose we take a simple illustration. Blend

black and white,—opposites, and what do you get but a neutral tint, or gray? Blend night and day, and what do you get but neutrality, dawn, or the gloaming—evening. Blend love and hate,—opposites, and what do you get but the rather comfortable neutral state of indifference?

The basic philosophy of classic Hellas, then, upon which the later philosophies were grafted, was that dualistic monism—if it may be so called—which is apparently two, but in reality **one**. Over in old China still further back, about 604 B. C., there lived a master who is supposed to be the author of the book called Tao-teh King. This master's name was Laotze, and he taught the identity of contraries. Later on he had a disciple probably as great as himself, who stood to the original as did Paul to Jesus. Chaung Tzu left much written matter behind him. Let us quote a few passages.

“To know that east and west are convertible and yet necessary terms, is the due adjustment of functions. For instance, any given point is of course east in relation to west, west in relation to east; but absolutely it may be said that its westness does not include its eastness, or that it is neither east nor west.”

Again he says: “If we say that anything is good or evil because it is either good or evil in our eyes, then there is nothing which is not good, nothing which is not evil. To know that Tao and Chieh were both good and both evil from their opposite points of view, **this** is the expression of a standard. Therefore those who would have right

without its correlative wrong, or good without its correlative misrule, they do **not** comprehend the great principles of the universe. One might as well talk of the existence of heaven without that of earth, or the negative principle without the positive, which is clearly absurd."

Now after having quoted these passages from Chaung Tzu, Laotze's most brilliant pupil, you are likely to retort, "He was only an Ancient, and we do not base our judgment upon the Ancients." Very well, then, drop the name of Chaung Tzu altogether, forget that Laotze was ever born, wipe Zoroaster off the slate of history, bury Pythagoras out of sight, look upon the dualistic, monistic prince Siddartha as a myth, forget the magnificent exposition of the same fundamental truth given out by the Nazarene. And yet **I** present to your incredulity something still more ancient than are they all in the fact of **law itself**. I challenge and **defy** you to disprove it. This principle can no more be ignored than can that of repulsion and attraction, for if you did but know it, it hinges upon this selfsame law as surely as rhythm is rhythm and tides are tides. The identity of contraries reduced to physics is the law of action and reaction, contraction and expansion, or, expressed in one stupendous term,—**POLARITY**. He that can freeze with hate can burn with love, he that can save can spend, he that can suffer can enjoy, he that can look down can raise his eyes, he that hath a future hath a past. A heaven implies a hell. And what is this but rhythm, or action and reaction, a going out and coming in, an inhaling

and exhaling, a night and day, an ebb and flow? And the meeting point of these extremes is **One**. This meeting point I say is neutrality, poise, approximate balance, Nirvana, rest; the shadows are soft and gray and tender, without passion, without fire.

The irony of all this is that we know it so **sub-**consciously that we fail to utilize our knowledge. This is no fable, let me tell you, but "The One Thing." To bring this law into practice is to apply the mathematics of Pythagoras to our daily lives, to take stock of our rhythm and discover how the tide stands. Is it coming in or going out? Will the law of the laws, somehow or other we sit on the crest of the wave, if we do but know it, a law unto ourselves. And when extremes come verging together in the surging vortex of being, we balance like philosophers and find ourselves again on a new crest, uninjured by our plunge into the depths below. There is no hell deep enough to hold a master long. He scales its sides and peers over the brim of it, in spite of a legion of devils marshalled by Satan himself. And because the Sage descends to the infernal regions he discovers the beauty of heaven. Jesus descended into hell and then went up—up! Could he ever have risen if he had not been down? The very **very** wise court suffering, even to that of a cross. Sorrow is pregnant and as surely as the seed sprouts will bring forth a child called Joy.

THE ABSOLUTE.

A stupendous subject, and you may well wonder that I, or any other dare to write about it. Reversely you can as reasonably assert that it has been worn threadbare. Either way it is a presumptuous undertaking, which nevertheless I shall attempt.

Now in beginning I must know the meaning or meanings of the term, and proceed from the base of a definition. I shall set aside all preliminary ones, such as certain, infallible, peremptory, complete, entire, ultimate, immeasurable, etc., and argue at once from the metaphysical definition of the word as a noun.

The absolute about which I intend to write is "that which is free from restriction," the unconditioned, independent of relations; in other words, the opposite of the relative. It is a totality, but **not infinity**.

I am aware that my definitions may be contested, but as long as my argument is true to them, it does not matter.

Now my appeal is to the ordinary thinker, whose prejudices have not been maintained through the influence of others. Can you, plain man, find some **one** thing in life which you are sure of, and can honestly define as **absolute**? Now think! Is there an existent something in

things themselves that is uniform, alike in all,—that maintaining relationship, is not in itself **relative**? Something you cannot see, hear, taste, smell or handle, which nevertheless you are perfectly certain is free from restriction and unconditioned? “Yes,” you answer, “the law of the relativities or the principle which governs them; it has totality and unity, is alike in all and conditioned by none.” Your answer is well taken, but you must remember that you are now speaking of the **first** principle, the ultimate, not its secondary manifestations which we call the laws, for **they** hinge upon and modify each other. Further, this first principle which you may call absolute, has a way of appearing as dual, or as two principles, thus apparently stultifying its absoluteness and seemingly conditioning itself. In fact it has a reverse aspect, and, to him who is not sufficiently subtle, resolves itself into dualism, and thence into pluralism. A law that shall seem to draw all things toward a common center and by the nature of its intensity in so doing necessarily cause repulsion, is split in two, so to speak, and is spoken of as two principles instead of one. Now the real absoluteness of such a law—call it gravity if you will—lies in the fact that no matter how definitely repulsion asserts itself, **the gravity still holds**; the principle is unchanged and its effect unmodified in spite of its tangent possibilities. In fact these same possibilities but serve to prove the law upon which they rest. In no way can we effect unity among diverse things unless there is one element in common

between them. Variety strikes the senses as we look out upon the world. No two things are the same, many are radically different one from the other. Through the five senses we discover the multiplicities, but by these same senses conjointly or through the **sense** of the senses, that is through a sort of psychical mental touch, we realize that in them all is the self-existent or absolute law. But, you say, the very law is utterly dependent upon the things which it unites; that without things there would be no law of them, therefore this principle itself is relative, and your absolute is a dream of the brain.

Now we have reached the crux of the question. If we assert a beginning of things as such, your assumption is well taken. The law of things could not precede them—by its very nature, neither could things precede the law. If the law is eternal, multiplicity in some form is eternal also. Then you may well ask why things as such are not **absolute** too. And I answer, that things by their inherent tendency to change, which change alone makes them various, are **not** absolute; but the law of change, which is but the reverse aspect of the law of unity, is absolute. And this is no quibble. Change, which is the pronounced factor in relationship, is itself **changeless**. As law it is **unity** reversely aspected.

The unconditioned then is law without beginning or end, and things are its opposite or **eternally conditioned** manifestation. But, you argue, law is conditioned by its own nature; it is hard, fixed, unalterable. Here we hold up the horns

of the dilemma and find that they belong to **one** Being. Unity, which is law, manifesting, is forever uniting that which is **not** hard, fixed and unalterable. As law, it is absolutely given over to dealing with change; as law it makes the volatile and changeable possible, in fact is absolute **as** change. As surely as it is absolute as rigidity, it is legally united to change. It is absolute change and absolute rigidity—a paradox but **not** a contradiction. The change can only be produced by fixity, and the unity can only be produced by multiplicity. A garden of incomparable flowers grows from the unifying quality of the river that waters it. One stream permeates all the plants, one liquid makes many manifestations possible. This is but a surface illustration, and is not true to the probe, nevertheless it will do, as no simile can possibly explain the subtlety of law. Now this absolute law with its manifestation in things, in its finality we know nothing about. We can understand, however, its paradoxical nature as far as mind can reach, and grasp its absoluteness as such. Is it Being? As far as power and its expressions go, it most certainly is. Is it God? As far as we can mentally grasp a sense of totality, ourselves included—yes. Then what are things, and why bother about them?

Right here let me say, that our universe is made up of things, our life is in and among things, our hell and heaven hinge upon things. The only way we can realize this law is through things. We ourselves are things. Their very

changeableness is their glory, their chameleon charm is our paradise, their relativities make the **one thing** our supreme joy. You cannot say that things are included in the law of them, any more than you can say that they include the law. The absolute and relative are polarized aspects of totality. One is no way superior to the other. The pole conditioned is not the pole unconditioned—that is all. Do the poles condition each other then? you ask. I answer that the totality includes its poles, and as a unity it stands as absolute or manifested law, because this **law** is **of itself unity**. Its nature is that of completeness,—a freedom from restrictions.

Can I understand the absolute? No, because all reason deals with the conditioned or relative. Can I realize the absolute? Yes, just as I am conscious of gravity **by its pull**, without comprehending it. Reason by its nature deals with the many. Law by its nature, as far as I realize it, acts as **One**. It is the Tao of Laotze, which permeates everything yet is **no thing**. Energy is beyond me, law is beyond me, as far as brain power and intellect go, but I **feel** the absolute. When pluralism denies the absolute it exorcises itself, for there could be no pluralism without its absolute pole of unity. The Pragmatist harps irritably upon the practical but there could be no practicable without the impracticable. The Solipsist argues that he alone lives the Solitary; but there can be no isolation without the crowd. Time and space are said to annihilate the unconditioned, but

there can be no unconditioned without time and space. As relative as I myself am—made up of an infinity of parts, of one thing am I sure, and that is the principle of principles that regulates my own multiplicity. Should I call it God, because in my emotion I so construe it, who, I ask, can deny my claim? “Is the Absolute fate, and have I no free will?” No, it is not fate, and I have a free will. The Absolute is impossible **without** my free will. It is on that same free will its absoluteness hinges. My free will necessitates multiplicity, and multiplicity necessitates the absolute. This is not blasphemy. I am using intellect now in my effort to comprehend a prerogative of absoluteness as such. If there were not **things** to choose between and to desire, I should have no will, nor could I be I,—an individual, nor could there be a law of absolute unity, for there would be nothing to unify. The very absoluteness or changelessness of this principle demands that which changes, namely, **things** and the will that roves among them. It is thing as opposed to things, or “the thing in itself,” manifesting as things.

Fate, then, in the finality of thinking, is a meaningless term; secondarily along with the epithet **chance**, it is tolerated.

You have read of the “everlasting arms,”—the real and only resting place. I fully believe this enfolding embrace, which man may realize if he will, is none other than that of the absolute and relative, belonging to the **One** which might well be called Almighty God.

OLD AGE.

When age gets old it is in order to investigate. Why is it? What is it? "Once upon a time" old age was supposed to be part and parcel of a "long and honorable life." Indeed it was hardly respectable not to reach years of decrepitude, to say nothing of discretion. The bald gray head, the stiff walk, the two canes and the croaking voice were looked upon with awe and approval. Any one who tried to shirk old age was judged abnormal and laughed at until he had properly shelved himself. But science is looking into the matter today, and things are different. Humanity being informed that old age is disease, begins to fight shy of the subject; that is, the male half, while women fail to advertise their years by the shape of their bonnets, as previously they were wont to do.

When I watch an automobile skimming down its line of perspective till it fades into apparent nonentity, the last thing I lose sight of is its emphatically assertive number. Beautiful, defiant though it may be, it is nevertheless ticketed like a jailbird, and much of its charm vanishes in its obtrusive label. Not long since people, by certain things they wore or not, conspicuously

announced themselves, one to all intents and purposes proclaimed by some trick of dress, I am 45; another said 60; another 23. When, like the automobile, they vanished down their lines of perspective, the last to catch your eye were the figures on their backs, mystic but assertive, advertising the number of years they had stalked earth for prey or otherwise, and just what might be expected of them.

Now that all happened before old age was dubbed disease. Since then till date there has been a sort of jumble in regard to the whys and wherefores of the subject, and people as yet have not found their bearings. Woman was the first to jump into the ranks of the unconditioned. Mrs. Smith was dubious about being the mother of Miss Smith, and tried to pass as her sister. Her "get up" was utterly changed, not in clothes alone, but in physique also. She "thinned down" or "plumped out," as the case might require, growing younger and younger as time passed, much to the chagrin of her daughter, who hardly relished this sisterly attitude, secretly feeling like an orphan—motherless. Later, however, to get even, the said Miss Smith assumed a role, impossible to Mrs. Smith, namely, that of naive innocence and youthful simplicity, wearing great hairbows and collarless jackets, that proclaimed her at once the girl she was.

Men through contagion by association with women, began posing as youngsters also. In the great register they falsified their age, some of the baldheaded appearing in wigs; their teeth

were reinforced, and their gray sidewhiskers shaved off. They even resorted to cold cream and violet water. Their trunks encased in straight-front corsets, beside their sons they looked dapper and well groomed, so much so that the younger men were forced to appear as boys, lest people mistake their fathers for their brothers.

And all this because old age is disease, and the world resents it. Its respectability went down when the old age microbe presented itself to the microscope.

Is science right? Are we as humans obliged to succumb to old age if we live long enough? Or have we been duped all these centuries with the false assumption that dignity and decrepitude are a noble pair, destined to marry, and the man who scorns a "ripe" old age, which ripeness is in plain language decay, is insane through vanity and self-importance. Some doctors ascribe the disease of old age to a microbe, others to a wrongly constituted anatomy. Whether we know the cause or not, we can certainly get at the symptoms. An aged person (I am not referring in this category to his years) is brittle in arteries and bone, therefore stiff and, in a physical sense, gritty. His hair, his eyes, everything about him is minus the limberness of youth. He bends with an effort, he pants for breath, and his brain in time gives way, bringing about senility and "second childhood." It is quite evident that something has happened to not only smother the fires of youth, but to contract and harden his mortal body. Can the mere passing of years do this, or

are the experiences which he goes through during that time the sole cause? I am greatly inclined to believe that **certain** habits of life will bring about such results and certain others will not, time being but a factor for the "fixing" of them either one way or the other.

The physical microbe that science has found in the old age patient, might be well used as a symbol of mental bacteria that dominate the mind of man and assure him all that decrepitude can bring. When young the ordinary individual lays his future out in sections, so to speak, primarily cutting it up into youth, middle age, rotund elderliness, and "mellow" old age. He looks forward to this, and sees himself continually under these different guises, which work themselves out into physical actuality one by one. This is not only a race habit, but a human habit also. He refers these changes in himself to the passing of time, and he constantly repeats his age to himself and to others who are curious enough to ask. He puts himself on this shelf, and that by counting his years. "I am here because I have lived so long," and here because of "some more." Other people judge him likewise, and he could as easily escape a straightjacket, as get off his particular perch where he and others have "shelved" him. He looks his age too, no mistake about it. He is a victim of auto-suggestion, and finds no counter hint outside him to change his position.

Now first let us consider the physical person that makes up a good half of the man. As time passes and the boy matures, he forgets or is

ignorant that he must change his eating, drinking and other habits to correspond. While growing he had a double task on hand; first to maintain life by the fuel of food, second to add to his bodily stature through the substance assimilated. When this full stature is attained the second process is practically done away with, or should be—the first alone being necessary. To maintain life the demand and supply must be equalized, but the new-made man more likely than not, having cultivated a fastidious palate, proceeds to gorge food in order to tickle this autocrat of his mouth, till the supply is so much beyond the demand that he becomes overstocked. He keeps this up for years and years, and his body, resentful and rebellious, strives in every way to unload itself and maintain an equilibrium. For a while during the man's prime, when his energy is superb, it seems to succeed, but gradually this same energy is sapped in the effort, and as time passes the accretions overbalance the excretions, and slowly but surely the arteries, nerves and tissues succumb. Deposits begin to gather, of both fat and mineral. To even harbor these abnormal visitors takes strength, and to oust them still more. At this point our victim of his palate begins the medicine regime. Doctors and doses are quite essential to the helping of "nature." To "assist nature" and bring about equilibrium is the cry of Esculapius. Some little gain is made, and if the patient follows his physician's advice and lives abstemiously, a real equation may be struck and genuine old age escaped; for

whatever microbes show themselves at this period are as likely to grow out of the environment as to cause it, that is, when the environment is congenial the microbe is there. This is the way he appears to me—this microbe! A little spectacled devil, his bald poll rimmed about with dead hair, his eyes blinking rheum, his toothless mouth drooling,—a shriveled mummy in epitome, his energy all but potential, his voice a ghouliswhimper, and himself too frail for the microscopic eye.

Now suppose man started life with an altogether different standard. In the first place his object is **prime**,—"prime of life," more and more prime, and yet still more—nothing but prime. Time would be but a factor, enabling him by experience to learn better and better how to maintain that prime. For him death lies off somewhere perhaps, but not old age. He has no more idea of harboring it than he has of smallpox or plague. Poise and equilibrium would never permit senility. His one great problem is how to keep this balance, what and how much to eat and drink. In fact the hygiene of life would be the thing to master. Of course he might fail, but one thing is certain, the chances of escape from the disease—old age, are pre-eminently on his side; and after a century of his own and others' experience, he would probably learn the law of balance so perfectly, and live by it so carefully that death would lay a man in his prime in the coffin instead of one that had shriveled with years.

The science of living must be first learned and

then practiced. He deserves a lame old age who, knowing the truth, will not abide by it, but eats and drinks and is merry at the expense of his arteries and to the satisfaction of the bacteria that wait like minute buzzards close at hand.

Now let us look on the other pole of this question—the mental attitude. This continual suggesting to one's self, "I am getting old, older, oldest;" this holding a mental mirror before one's face to watch the lines come in, the crow's feet and the cat's claws, and the spider's web,—this hunting for brittle gray hairs, this taking of one's temperature periodically, and fingering of the pulse,—this anticipation of rheumatism and mental apathy, these all are wonderful helps in bringing old age to the fore and establishing old time traditions. Body and mind interact continually. Let either assume an inherited premise as a basis of procedure, and the other agrees. Let both, however, throw over all preconceived notions that are not founded on the law of equilibrium, and start out from the substantial base of a fundamental poise, and the union will produce a miracle—even perpetual prime. It is not youth that men want but **prime**. They are never satisfied until they reach it, and there they really desire to stay.

But you say, everything grows old,—plants, animals, rocks. Do they? There are living trees that flourished when history was young. There are birds and animals that die when they get ready, looking nearly as youthful as when they first appeared a century before. But setting this aside, I admit that creature life as a rule shows

age and decay. And man is a creature, you assert. Yes, and something more. If the old Bible stories are worthy of credence, the man of ancient times lived for hundreds of years, still young and virile. It is said that in the Orient today there are persons attaining a truly great age, who still seem equal to things. But whether this is so or not, what man has never before done he may some time come to do most certainly. It is not recorded of the past that he talked with or without wires, over long distance, but he does it now. Nor was he supposed to be able to weigh the stars and analyze their substance, but he does it now. Nor could he formerly inspect the inside of a human body by an X-ray, but he does it now. Nor could he manipulate electricity to any extent,—he does it now. Man is a unique force in the universe. What he has done is no criterion for what he will do. One thing I can boldly assert, however: man must make himself **“fit”** for the majestic processional of the **undiscovered** which is now sending its clear voice ahead of it in a clarion challenge. No old age microbe can be allowed at the gorgeous assemblage about to gather to usher in the **New**, when the **“Gaiety of Nations”** shall resolve itself into the carnival of the world, met to celebrate the **“Events of the 20th Century.”** And you—man, if you would be a guest, must be in your prime and wear your best clothes. Your **“claw hammer swallow tail,”** without padding. No second-hand coat pinned up into imitation of the real thing will pass you into the assembly where Modern

Science holds court. Science has caught the old age microbe and has it fast on the slide of the microscope, and in its place has presented you with the formula for sane and temperate living sexually and gastronomically. She bids you hold your tongue about your age, lest through auto suggestion you bring in gray hairs. Women already have learned to keep still, and men are taking lessons. Science instructs you not to tabulate yourselves or wear a ticketed sum-total of your years on your back. She tells you to eat less and drink more (that is, pure water). Altogether the art of living has been reduced to a system plus spontaneity, which is the essence of life itself.

If you, still, in the light of this dictum, determine to carry your two canes, may the snows of winter descend on your devoted head, for thus "it is spoken" by shivering Age himself, whose crow's feet clutch at your sunken eyelids while he reiterates the old-time traditions as the days and weeks and years go by.

OUR BLESSINGS.

A commonplace subject, you remark, and one about which much cant sentimentalism has been expressed. Yes, perhaps, but there may nevertheless be other aspects to the question. Even the most everyday problems are interesting when studied from a rational point of view, and I wish particularly to discuss this one because of the attitude taken by mankind generally as to the values in life balanced against the disturbances. Men complain from sunrise till sunset, growl, kick, rebel and condemn; but seldom do we find a person glorifying things from dawn to dusk. The modern pessimist gets up at daybreak and commences a revolt that continues till he goes to bed again. The weather, the country, his neighbor, his health, all come in for a share of condemnation. "Things have come to a pretty pass," his "head aches like the deuce," his "finances are all going to smash," "the world hasn't a grain of horse sense and never will have," "the devil's to pay when women mix up in things that don't concern them," "life isn't worth living, anyhow," and "if there's a hereafter" he wants no stock in it; and so on and so on, week in and week out.

Now imagine an optimist facing the east at sunrise, thrilling with delight. "Lucky dog!" he exclaims, "what rapture to be simply alive! How fortunate that I can see such glory as the sun brings. I pity any one who lacks power to appreciate this wonder." Before meals he bows his head. "How good it is to just eat and drink; health is of value inestimable; to breathe is a pleasure, and to move, think and act, is something beyond compare." Even hard knocks serve as a vital stimulus to his cheerful spirit. "Fine for me," he says; "sun looks the brighter because of the shadows;" "all things work together for good;" "might as well be dead as not happy;" "O but this living is something worth while!"

The optimist like the pessimist may exaggerate conditions, but the ordinary individual as a rule inclines more to fault-finding than complaisance, utterly ignoring the good things provided for him, or if not ignoring, accepting them as his just due.

Now suppose a man started from a new base regarding his estimate of life, and for every evil flying over his head looked for a good to foil it,—a blackbird and whitebird skimming the blue side by side. If the morning is "cold enough to freeze me," the fire in the grate is "hot enough to keep me warm." If I am nearly starved, I find my food delicious. Disgusted with being sick, I am glad that there are doctors. Having lost my money, the work which I previously hated looms up as a blessing. Driven into the house by the storm outside, I appreciate

fully the comforts of home. Driven out by enervating luxury, I enjoy again the tough, hard, spacious world. And if this be true, why can I not sometimes say so? Am I ashamed to be thankful? Is it disgraceful to acknowledge that I appreciate and often really enjoy the things of life? In Germany you are told to rap on wood if you have dared to boast that matters are prospering, lest the demon of ill luck, "watching out" and biding its time, change your course of events for the worse. I believe there is a little imp of good luck also, who is only too glad to polish your reflecting lamp that you may see the glamour in life in lieu of the gloom. As before said in this book, the sun is the real fact; shadows are but effigies made by things that strive to put out the light of day. And if the sun is the real, then the cheerful person is certainly one of sound sense, while the growler is out of tune with cosmic harmonics. The man who recognizes his blessings has discovered the very source and maintainer of life, while he who realizes his miseries only, is hypnotized by a fickle medium that has neither stability nor leading place in the scheme of things. I am not exalting the grinning optimist who sees no shade whatever, for the shadow is inevitable and rightful, "worth what it is worth," and cannot be ignored. All that I contend for is a proper placing of values. Gold is gold, and tin is tin. The optimist who exalts tin to the rank of gold, and the pessimist who degrades gold to the class of base metal, are not quite level-headed nor excusable.

The person today who is looked upon as manly and square is the stoic of modern stripe, who seems to be **enduring** untold miseries without uttering a word of complaint. My dear man, your whole attitude is a stubborn protest. You are not undergoing one whit more misery than are your brothers, and yet you appear like a veritable Atlas carrying the big round world on your shoulders. You grit your teeth and bear—**what?** No more than your child bears or your wife or your friend, who grumbles one moment and thanks the Lord the next. Your silence is a challenge to the Universe. You would die rather than admit that you ever had been or ever could be blessed. Nothing that comes to you in the guise of good is worth considering in comparison with that which is bad. Your lips make a straight line set firmly. Smile? Not you! Why should you? As a stoic you despise the grumbler who talks and growls. **You are a man!** you will utter no word of protest, but simply endure. Ha! ha! I verily believe that the person of sharp tongue is better than you, and fairer. Your pride, sir, is ridiculous.

Now the right thinking individual is not going to cross a bridge till he comes to it, nor find a stream till he gets there. The sane man doesn't die but once in a lifetime, and while he lives he enjoys **all he can**. He is not a pretender. If things are bad he says so, but finds the good in them if possible. If things are good he admits the fact and shouts Hurrah and Glory Hallelujah, not a bit ashamed of his exuberance. It is no

disgrace to revel in sunlight, for the source of the rays is reliable and life-giving. The sane person is a frank, disillusioned individual, who can dance around the maypole on a bright spring morning and attend a funeral, if he must, in the afternoon.

There is a false idea of manliness afloat that permits the cultivation of two types of humanity, either of which is a disgrace to the standard conceived. One is the disgruntled grumbler, who will not acknowledge his blessings though they meet him half way, and the other is the haughty stoic, who is enduring things and enduring them still more, going on and on weighted with woe, as though he were the only sufferer on the planet and the human herd were created for the purpose of witnessing his heroism and pain. He does not know, perhaps, that no camel can carry "the last straw," and no man more than he is able. "Our shoulders are fitted to our burdens," if not, the load will fall off. The baby with his childish trouble is proportionately as much afflicted, as is his suffering parent with his larger capacity for endurance. The ant, comparatively speaking, is as great a drudge as a working elephant. The power to endure and the thing we have to bear belong to each other or they will surely be divorced. The statesman who bends before heavy responsibilities is no more overweighted than is his affectionate wife who carries him on her heart. It is all a question of capacities and equalization. So why should one complain more than another, at least about that

which has come to him legitimately through his own acts. Of course there are times when an individual has misfortunes "piled on" him, while another seems to go "scot-free." In the "long run," however—and the "long run" may be very long—equilibrium is struck, and human beings, by the intrinsic nature of their acts in life, get a "just deal" and a fair surplus of blessings.

In judging, pitying and congratulating each other, we fail to see "round the corner" and through the mistakes engendered by our short-sighted eyes, reach false estimates and wrong conclusions. With the glance spying for evil instead of good, the 20th Century is likely to become pessimistic and a menace to itself. Our youngsters strutting the streets decrying life and stoutly proclaiming that they never asked to be born, our older folk wondering if "anything is really worth while don't you know," our superb appropriation of the good things of earth, without earning them or showing the slightest recognition of their values, all go to show that individualism is becoming precociously conceited and needs humbling by the reactions bound to follow such absurd assertiveness.

THE PAST.

“Bury the past!” Why? Perhaps if it were dead this advice would be sensible, but as that which is seemingly lost is in reality with us, assertive and often obtrusive, it would be impossible to annihilate it by an attempted burial. If we could shut our door on the past we should have to begin life all over again and learn our A-B-C’s. A blank behind us would mean a blank present,—our minds as vacant as an unfurnished house. The past follows us like a fawning dog; and whines for recognition continuously. It is not only built into us bodily, but helps to stock our inner sanctuary with objectivities, which play over and over the drama,—farces and tragedies enacted before in the outside world.

To be sure, we forget temporarily, but forgetting is not the destruction of our past any more than is sleep. Horrible or beautiful, evil or good, the past is incorporated into our being and cannot be lastingly escaped. So then, instead of trying to run away from it, why not face it squarely and see what can be made out of it.

It is said that the past is fixed, changeless,—but is this really so? Surely a thing done is

done, but nevertheless as it relates to our present consciousness we may find in it, after all the element of change. "But how?" you ask. Suppose a man committed a murder a few years ago, under sudden impulse unaccountable to himself. There being extenuating circumstances, the case is one of manslaughter, and he gets off with a light sentence. But within, his soul is racked with horror. The act is done, nothing can change that, and he stands out before his own interior eyes as a hopelessly guilty being without a shade of excuse. Now as far as the killing goes, no change in the past takes place; the victim is dead. But as far as he himself is concerned, a vast difference in the past looms up, making his whole attitude at the time of the deed appear utterly changed. He has learned from his mother that during her pregnancy before he was born she suffered from homicidal mania, due to causes not her fault apparently, which made it almost impossible to resist the committing of such acts as her son later carried out. His whole past under the light of this revelation appears in new aspect. As far as he is concerned it is changed. In reality, of course, all these facts were intact, under cover, but as a past is no past unless recognized in consciousness, to **him** it was changed. Not that only; possibly some other revelation will serve to alter it still more, that is, put his deed in a still **different** light.

Two lovers break troth and marry outsiders, each blaming and hating the other for the spoiled

years which seem to be a black cloud over their lives. The past to them is fixed, a grim perspective, which they believe can never be changed, when a third party or hidden enemy reveals the fact that certain letters, putting new light on the question of their love affair and completely exonerating the betrothed couple, had been intercepted and destroyed by him. Instantly the black past glows with sunshine. The fact that they separated stands, but the other concealed fact that caused the break restores their former good will and trust. Nothing new really happened except in the consciousness of the parties concerned; something out of sight had appeared, that was all. But as far as they were affected, their **past** was entirely altered.

In finality of facts the past is fixed and changeless; in reality of experience it is a gleaming chameleon. We did things ten years ago, that as they receded into the realm of "pastness" grew different and different with the widening of our conception of **ourselves** and their bearings upon us. As a man grows away from his childhood his acts take on quite a reverse color from that of years before. He sees the meaning of a child as such, which he did **not** realize when he first grew out of childish conditions. In fact he generalizes on childhood, and his former griefs now amuse him, his former punishments make him smile, his past that once seemed so unfair now appears reasonable and what he deserved. After leaving young manhood and merging into prime, the past of youth

changes. His insane passions seem inexcusable to him, his rampant egotism disgusting, he wonders how people tolerated him. When he reaches age, these same young years will change yet more, his mental eyes as he looks back see farther and better. His youth appears heroic, sad, charming; he admires what he once detested; he gets a larger grasp on the young fellow of himself, and realizes his charm.

To sum up then, our past is fixed and our past is **changeable**—an arrant contradiction apparently. From the potentiality of things in being, the past is unalterable as far as the fact and act go; as fact and act simply, no change is possible; "it is spoken;" "it is done." But from the point of the human understanding of such act and fact, the comprehension of their relation to each other and the environment under which they were worked out, they are ever changing as the intellect of man expands to a larger and clearer grasp on the subject. "If I had known you as I do now, I should have seen your past in quite a different light," one friend says to another. Now suppose, for the sake of a longer backward perspective, that we live life upon life on earth. By the law of evolution or reincarnation our deeds of the years behind in this present existence would take on quite a new aspect if the light of "beforehand" gleamed over them. The causes for the effects born in this stage of our existence would intrude their shadowy forms upon us, re-relating the acts of our nearby past in quite a new manner. Some

ghost of the Orient, or the far North would polish or dull the stones in the chain of events just gone, bringing out jewels or pebbles in an unexpected way.

I do not believe in trying to shut out the past. In the first place it **cannot** be done, in the second place it is not fair. The coward ignores his unhappy years and tries to look upon them as "escaped," but the brave man faces about periodically and glances scrutinizingly behind him, and sometimes, much to his satisfaction, his broadening comprehension reveals himself to himself as never before, and by the revelation gives him a better insight into the future. No man can be a prophet who fears what is past. He only can look ahead who can gaze steadfastly back. By realizing to some extent what he was, he may alter and improve what he is and therefore what he is yet to be.

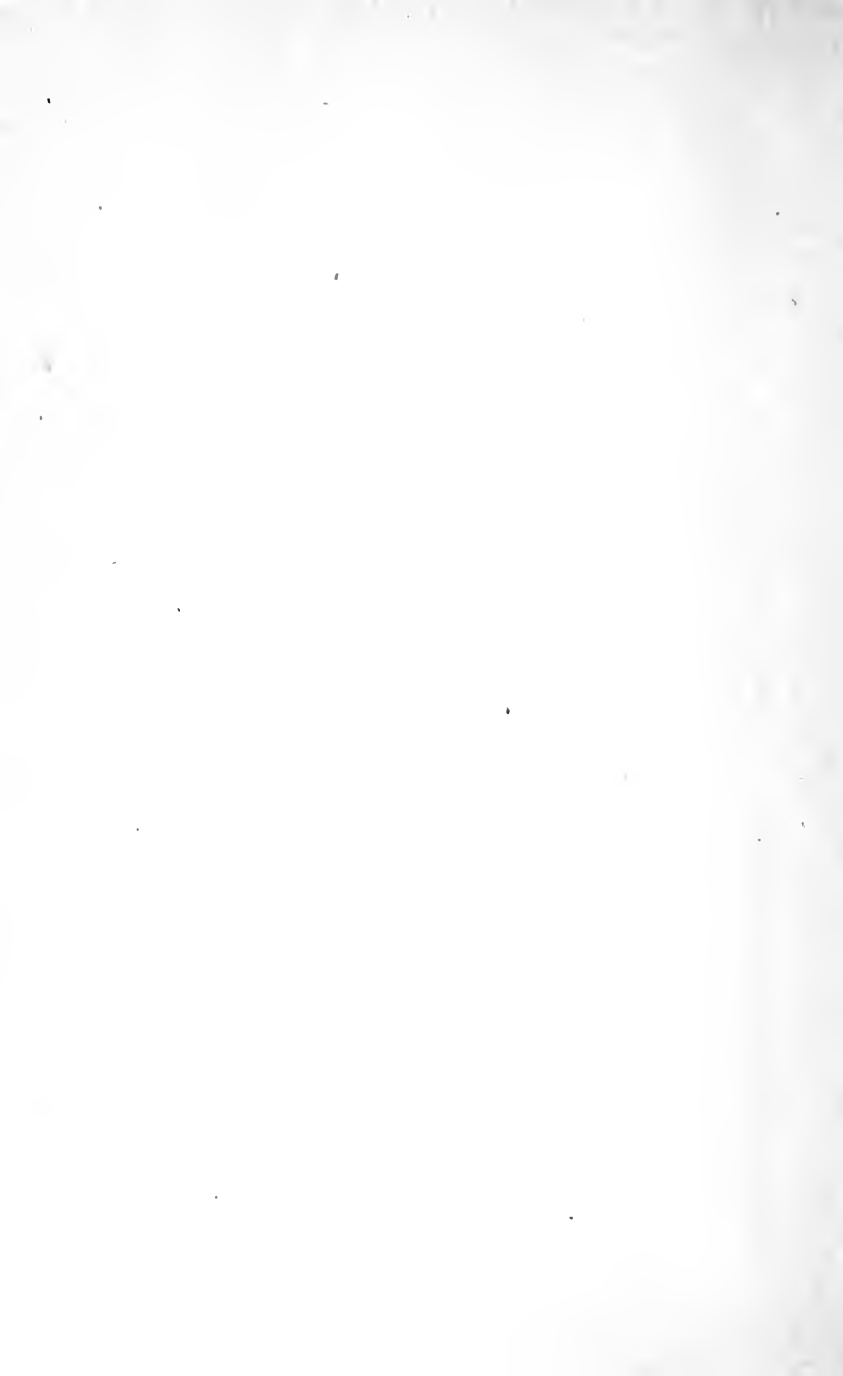
WHAT'S THE USE?

I have finished "Straight Goods," and you ask, "What's the use?" A sensible question, I assure you. The object of this book is to reveal philosophy in its practical aspect. Failing in that, it were better out of print. It attempts to show that a fundamental law is at the base of life, and if we realize this fact and flow with it, we are **practical philosophers**.

But you say, "I want religion." I answer, yes, philosophy includes the religion, that is, the one and only aspect namely, faith in this supreme law and reverence and adoration for the Being expressed by it. Religion also includes philosophy. A religion that is not philosophic, that is not based on fact and experience, is not worth considering.

I have no intention to name this law here, for it has been reiterated over and over again in the pages of this book. If the work means anything to you, you will certainly find it; if not, shelve the book and forget it. I am aware that a certain proportion of humanity are looking frantically for the absurdly occult,—that which defies reason and common sense; they want excitement, sensation, thrills. Like men who drink

they need stronger and yet stronger doses to assuage their growing appetites. We warn all such to let this book severely alone, for it steers clear of the unusual and strives instead to bolster and perpetuate the homely commonplace.



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